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**HISTORY**  
**OF**  
**GEORGE GODFREY.**  
  
**VOL. II.**

LONDON:  
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HISTORY  
OF  
GEORGE GODFREY.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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## ERRATA.

- Page 50, last word of the page, *for* intencion *read* attention.  
 — 108, line 2, *after* do *insert* it.  
 — 130, line 18, *for* while *read* when.  
 — 184, line 19, *for* levy *read* levee.  
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# GEORGE GODFREY.

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## CHAPTER I.

*I am recalled, and accordingly return to England—Meet with some old friends immediately after my arrival, and feel that I had acted foolishly, in being slow to lend money where there was no chance of payment.*

I WOULD gladly have accompanied Mr. Haverham, for I was now little disposed to prolong my stay in Greece; but the business which had brought me there, was not in such a state as to justify my immediate departure. Little good, however, resulted from my remaining where I was. Our negotiations, as we called them, went on, but I was unable to perceive the value of those securities and engagements which it was proposed to give, and to enter into, for the purpose of securing payment of

the interest and principal of the debt, which the executive government of the classic soil, were ready to contract.

Betterton often told me, that I was "more nice than wise;" and this I soon found was the opinion of many in England. They began to complain, with much impatience, that no progress was made in the affair. Letter after letter, reiterated this complaint; and, at length, it was announced to me, that another gentleman was coming out, furnished with additional powers, and it was delicately hinted, that it was not wished to subject me, to the inconvenience of a longer residence in those parts.

Not a little indignant at being thus recalled, I lost no time in preparing for my return to England. I left Mr. Betterton at Napoli, he being authorised to act with the new deputy.

It was three months after Mr. Haversham left, that I set out on my return. When on the point of sailing, I had the satisfaction to hear of his safe arrival in England, after a remarkably favourable passage. The letter which

I received on this subject, made no mention whatever of Selim.

I was rather unfortunate in my voyage. Delayed, at first, by unfavourable winds, we afterwards encountered a storm, which materially injured the ship, and induced the captain to carry her to Naples, in order to get her repaired. Thence, as I was unwilling to lose time, I made the best of my way to Paris, where I took my place in the diligence, which I found setting out for Dieppe; and, from the last mentioned place, I was speedily conveyed, by the steam packet, to New Haven.

By this time, I found the money, which had been placed at my disposal, with what I had of my own, was nearly exhausted. I had enough for present purposes, but I deemed it necessary to act with economy and dispatch; so I got myself, and my luggage, conveyed to Brighton, immediately after landing, and secured an outside place on the coach, which was to start for London, at eight o'clock on the following day.

At the time specified, to guard against ac-

cidents, I proceeded to the coach office. It was a rainy morning, and while waiting for the stage, I could not help regretting that I had not determined on being an inside passenger.

A little boy, unaccompanied by any relative, was to go by the same vehicle. I thought it would be rather awkward for one so young to be placed in such a situation, and felt gratified at witnessing the benevolence of a clergyman, who was booked for the same conveyance, and who promised the boy's aunt, that he would look to him on the road, and take every care of the child.

My admiration of the reverend gentleman, on account of the extraordinary kindness which he manifested, was great; but my contempt and indignation were strongly excited, by the conduct of another individual, who was already in the coach, and who, when the clergyman, in pursuance of the promise which he had given, was stepping into the vehicle, most angrily declared, that he would not suffer a fifth passenger to enter.

The reverend gentleman expostulated with much dignity, but anxious that the child should not be disturbed, he waived his claim, and got up behind.

I felt great disgust at the unfeeling treatment he had received, which struck me the more forcibly, as I had just attempted to bargain with the coachman, to get me under cover, and been answered that it was of no use, as the inside passengers would not allow it.

Much to my astonishment, a voice here called out—

“ *That* gentleman may come in—open the door for him.”

And before this direction could be complied with, two hands were thrust forth from the window, for the purpose of shaking one, or both of mine.

I instantly recognized my friend Ardent, the poet, and zealous advocate for suffering Greece, and Mr. Barret, another old city friend.

Thanking them for their kindness, I got into the coach, but reproved their persecution of

the reverend gentleman in the rear, though I now began to feel that some excuse was to be made for their conduct, since it had been the means of giving me the place I wanted.

They laughed heartily at my pity for the parson, and assured me it was wholly misplaced. Dr. Fudge, they said, having a share, as it was supposed, in one of the libraries, was in the habit of frequently passing up and down the road; and it was his constant practice, under the pretence of looking after some child, or old lady, to force himself inside, paying only outside fare, and bringing with him a bull dog, who was generally his companion.

This explanation quite satisfied me; and when I saw the rain falling in torrents, I could not find in my heart to blame those who had been the means of giving the worthy Doctor a drenching, which, but for his exclusion, would certainly have been mine.

My companions exulted in the annoyance to which they had subjected the Divine, and said, the martyrdom to which he was then subject



might assist his pious studies, and furnish an entertaining addition to the numerous puff stories told of him in the newspapers, in which they declared he was for ever landing himself and his sermons.

Mr. Ardent hastened to call my attention to Greek affairs. He expressed much regret on account of my ill success. He told me I was much too particular. This was not a mere affair of business, or matter of plodding sordid calculation. It was to be evermore borne in mind, that the Greeks were committed to a struggle, which ranked among the most glorious, the world had ever seen. They were about to renew the wonders performed by their ancestors at Thermopylæ and Marathon. We ought therefore to consider, that the best feelings of the human heart were enlisted on their side, and be prepared on such an occasion, to do something for "classical sympathy."

I defended my conduct as well as I could, by saying, I had felt it my duty, not to advise that money should be lent, till I saw some chance

of the capital advanced, and the interest on it, being duly paid. He shook his head at this with a pitying smile, and replied, with great warmth of feeling—

“ This would be very well in a common case, in any case save the godlike cause of suffering Greece, which now claims support from the brave sons of Albion.”

His manner, which was as inspiring as his language, made me feel rather ashamed of not having acted with more decision ; and my regret was increased prodigiously, when Mr. Ardent told me, that the business, in consequence of my dilatory proceedings, had been silently accomplished by other parties. The scrip, of which he was a holder to the amount of 10,000*l.* had already come out, and was at five premium, and expected to improve.

He added, the profit which there was on his stock, was certainly considerable, but it was not the expectation of this, (though he had no doubt the premium would reach twenty,) that at all influenced him. He advanced his money to

forward the Greek cause, and purely from "classical sympathy."

But he admitted, that persons less romantically generous than he was, to me he had no hesitation in confessing his weakness, had been well content to advance money in the same cause. Such he hinted was the case with Dr. Skinflint, one of the members from that part of the united kingdom called Scotland. That exemplary gentleman and patriot, had not failed to proclaim the extraordinary merits of the struggle to all the Scotch universities. He had indeed been thought by some of his friends, to display an *over anxiety*, to possess himself of as much of the scrip as possible. While doing so, it was true he had given out that he considered himself to be purchasing lottery tickets, which might prove particularly good, or just the reverse. "It is right well known, though," my friend Ardent remarked, "that Dr. Skinflint would never buy a lottery ticket, without being well assured that he might safely calculate on drawing one of the capital prizes."

“What!” said I, “not for classical sympathy!”

“Not he indeed. Though anxious, as he tells the world he is, to promote the cause of liberty every where, he is still more anxious to secure for himself the pounds, shillings and pence. The truth is, he has no reverence for antiquity, or for poetry, and though he sometimes prates of both, it is not yet three weeks, since on a reference being made to something said by Homer, he sagaciously supposed, that what was alluded to, must have proceeded from the respectable individual who had been named, before the revolt of the Greeks.”

“But still he may be friendly to their cause.”

“So he is, but for all that, ‘self-love, the spring of action,’ is in him so strong, that he would not risk five guineas out of his pocket, to save Greece from the fate of Troy.”

I felt rather dejected at finding how much I had undervalued the Greeks, and their securities. On arriving in town, I saw that my foolish conduct, as it was termed, had displeased

many of my friends. They were as much concerned at losing the premium which it appeared might have been realised by them, had I acted with greater resolution, as Mr. Ardent was, at so little having been done for "classical sympathy."

## CHAPTER II.

*A change in the aspect of politics—Classical sympathy below par—Affecting appeal to humanity, and awful threat in consequence of its being unattended to—Public spirit paid for—I seek to obtain a situation under government, but have no hopes of success through my persevering loyalty.*

I HAD been in London but a very few days, when Greek stock began to decline in price. A panic seized the holders generally, and it sunk to a discount. It was malignantly whispered that the fall was in a great measure caused by the reports which I had made of the miserable situation of Greece, and the hopeless state of the contest.

In consequence of that, I waited on the parties who were most interested in having such a statement contradicted, to repel this charge. I succeeded, I believe, to their satisfaction.

While I was with them, I ought to mention,

my friend Ardent came in. He represented in very pathetic terms, the ruin which had fallen upon him by the unlooked for fall which had taken place, and painted the extreme hardship of his being left to suffer because he had interested himself for the brave Greeks, not with a view to his own profit, but merely from "classical sympathy."

The individuals he addressed, looked rather grave at this, upon which Mr. Ardent appealed to me, if he had not told me himself, that what he had done was solely on account of the kind interest he took in the pending contest, and from "classical sympathy."

Of course, I confirmed his statement.

But the appeal, was so far from answering the desired effect, that it was promptly answered, that Mr. Ardent had taken the stock for his own benefit, and at his own risk, and they could not answer for the consequences.

To which my friend replied, with great eloquence and feeling, that "conduct so sordid, and not to use a harsher term, so infamously base, was that which he had little expected, on the

part of the agents of that classic land, which had given birth to so many heroes and demi-gods, or at least godlike men."

They replied, that though they were connected with the classic land which had given birth to so many heroes, they were not in a condition to reimburse every holder of scrip, for what he had lost by his speculations.

I thought this was rather sensible, though it was not so fine as Mr. Ardent's speech.

That gentleman growing warm with the subject, now became finer than ever.

"And is it so!" he demanded, "are the generous hearts, who, scorning cold calculation, have devoted all their noblest energies, to a cause, sacred in the eyes of men, and glorious even in those of approving Heaven, to be thus betrayed in their need. Are those who profited by the toil of such ethereal spirits, to be at last abandoned to the pity of the good, and the laugh of the scorner?"—

"And the paw of the Bailiff," I was very much tempted to add, in order to finish in a proper manner, this pathetic remonstrance



An answer not more favourable than the one which had been previously given, was returned.

“ Gods !” he exclaimed, “ can it be possible ! that beings, from whom I expected but the soothing speech, which might fall from the tongue of a consoling angel, from whom I looked but for a seraph’s smile—can these be thus obdurate ? Can this be so, and yet the vengeful bolt of the thunderer be stayed ? No, gentlemen, it shall fall with dreadfully desolating wrath. The friends of Greece, nay, all nature shall weep, for I will go and drown myself.”

This announcement, which was even more sublime, than that which I had thought of adding to his former speech, made his auditory start.

They undertook to point out the inexpediency of his carrying his awful threat into execution.

And I did the same, though I confess that I did not think there was much danger, of Mr. Ardent being drowned.

But our remonstrances were all to no purpose.

“ To-morrow’s sun,” said he, “ shall rise on Ardent’s grave. I go to the Thames—to the

centre arch of Southwark iron bridge. Iron ! like the hearts I have found here, and my friends shall see me no more."

This was really tragical.

Those who had till now been unmoved, seemed at last to be deeply affected.

Two of them sighed.

And I actually perceived a tear in one corner of my eye, which fell before I could get my bandana ready to receive it.

We all proceeded to show our sensibility.

One said " it would be melancholy if Mr. Ardent should be drowned."

Another remarked that " all the blame would be thrown on Greece."

I said " it might render the cause unpopular."

And Mr. Ardent added, " it would be fatal to classical sympathy."

So after some further argument, the sensible and modest proposition of Mr. Ardent, that in consideration of the excellence of his wishes, his stock should be taken at par, (he very liberally declaring that he wished for no gain,) was agreed to.

The moment he was gone, Dr. Skinflint, M.P., who was equally careless of profit, claimed a similar exoneration from loss to that which had been allowed in the case of Mr. Ardent.

They objected, but he took even a louder tone than Mr. Ardent had done, and roundly told the agents, that he would take care to fetter all their movements, and hang like a millstone round their necks, if they refused to attend to him; so they again gave way, and arranged matters to his satisfaction.

I thought within myself, that this was a great improvement on the old mode of jobbing. It could only have occurred, so it struck me at the time, to a classical philanthropist, and a Scotch reformer, to pocket the profit on a purchase of stock if it rose, and *cry* themselves out of a loss, on its fall.

I expressed some surprise to Mr. Ardent, at his having sold out his stock at all, as he had only purchased it from "classical sympathy."

To which he replied with frankness, highly creditable to his character, nobody else being present, that when a loss of five or six per cent.

was incurred on 10,000*l.* stock, it was high time to take care of himself, and, I use his exact words, “ to pitch classical sympathy to the devil.”

He however did not so abandon the concern, for when a month afterwards, news arrived, that the Greeks having taken the whole Turkish navy, were proceeding up the Dardanelles to burn Constantinople to the ground, and the stock in consequence rose to a premium, Mr. Ardent honourably announced himself resolved to keep his stock, as he had now regained all the ardour which he had formerly felt, for “ classical sympathy.”

The Greeks did not exactly understand this.

But he again brought me forward, to prove that he had only wished them to hold his stock.

I could not deny that.

And then he told them of the fine things he had said of them, and of their cause, and if I remember right, he sung a hymn to them, which he had written in honour of Greece and freedom, and of course carried his point.

“This,” I thought to myself again, “is jobbing on a very superior plan.”

The M.P. I have heard was of the same opinion. As soon as he heard of Mr. Ardent’s claim, it reminded him of that expressive passage in scripture, “Go thou and do likewise.”

Great changes had occurred while I was away, but none of them astonished me so much as the prodigious good fortune of Skim. He had gone on so well with the schemes of the day, that first their success, and then their failure, had proved a mine of wealth, as Mr. Ardent poetically expressed it, to him. He had now a splendid establishment in town, besides a country seat, and more than that, a seat in Parliament.

I was of course anxious to know by what means he had amassed wealth so rapidly. He told me that it was by “*rigging bubble shares*,” and puffing them up to a premium, to bring them afterwards to a discount.

“But how did you manage this?” said I.

“Why, the way we did it,” Skim replied, “was this. Mr. Scampo—you remember Scampo, the

solicitor to our famous company, whose example first induced me to go into the prospectus line, he used to bring out, taking one month with another, about three schemes per week. His plan was, to announce one of them by advertisement, purchase some trumpery property, as if towards carrying it into effect, then get a pack of geese to subscribe, and sell to them what he had just bought, but not paid for, at a profit of a hundred and fifty, or two hundred per cent."

"This was swindling."

"Nonsense! It was only buying and selling, and Scampo had the brazen impudence as such publicly to defend it."

"And did you share these profits?"

"Of course. Scampo secured me a good sample of the shares, and when we had made the premium, by quarrelling with him in public, and exposing the true character of each concern, I forced them down to a discount, having first sold for him, that he might gain by the fall, as through his means I had done by the rise."

"Astonishing!"

"To me," Skim said, "this appeared at first

nothing better than wholesale robbery. But when I saw that the richest men in the country did the same thing, I thought I might as well try my hand at it as another.

I could hardly help laughing, at the strange contrast, between his present and former situation. I was struck, not so much with the proofs of his affluence, as with the consequences of it, when I saw in the Parliamentary debates, how many great men, were proud to call him, their "honourable friend."

From contemplating his wealth, I was soon drawn to meditate on my own embarrassments. I had done no good since my arrival. Some of the sums which had been disbursed for my outfit, when I was leaving England, from a stock purse, formed as I understood to cover the expenses of my expedition, were now demanded from me as a personal debt, and one person who had made an advance on account of the subscription, threatened to arrest me for two hundred and ten pounds, which he said I stood indebted to him.

This was my situation when what I deemed

a very happy thought occurred to me. As Skim was on the loyal side, and on excellent terms with all the members of the administration, I resolved to ask him to use his influence to get me a situation under Government.

“Why,” said he, when I had signified my wish, “I am afraid it won’t do. You have always been well affected to the present Government, I believe.”

I said “yes, I had made my loyalty conspicuous, by writing a variety of articles in favour of their measures, for the last seven or eight years. This fact,” I added, “I could bring the Editor of the paper to which my productions had been sent, who had always been staunch in his support of Ministers, to prove at any time.”

“That is the worst of it,” said he. “You have written on the wrong side of the question, if you look for ministerial patronage.”

“Indeed!”

“Certainly, for as you are committed to a particular set of opinions, you must abide by them, or get twitted with being a turn-coat. The Minister feels that it is more to his interest to



silence an enemy, than to gratify a friend who cannot become his assailant."

I stared at this, and could hardly believe that Ministers thus acted by their supporters. Skim, however, positively stated such to be the case, and on making further inquiries, I had some reason to believe that he was right.

I did not, immediately, give up the idea of devoting my talents to the service of my country. My friend the loyal editor, was so good as to introduce me to the conductor of a leading opposition journal, who kindly promised to interest himself for me. He, however, was fearful that it would not be in his power to do anything so soon as he could wish. At all events, he said he would bear it in mind, but it was right to mention, that though the friends of Mr. Thistlewood, and Dr. Watson were no longer in the way, he had a number of gentlemen on his list, in the same situation as myself, whom at the recommendation of different loyal members of Parliament, he stood pledged to introduce to Ministers through the opposition; and besides them, there was one individual, whose claim was irresistible,

as he was at that moment in the King's Bench prison, for writing a very popular and inflammatory libel against his Majesty, the Government, and both Houses of Parliament.

There was of course no contending against merit like this, so I abandoned all hope of getting forward through my political integrity, and sat down consoling myself with the thought that loyalty, like "the honour of beating a drum," was likely in my case, to be "*its own reward*," and its only one.

## CHAPTER III.

*I am kindly received by my mother and Mr. Mason—My mother complains of my father-in-law as being false, and proves herself, a true wife—My circumstances being reduced, a respectable practitioner, recommends to my adoption some of the usual modes of getting forward in the world.*

I MET with a most cordial reception from my mother, and also from Mr. Mason. The latter had completely conquered all those prejudices, which he had once conceived against me, and though I gave him no over flourishing account of the success of my expedition, he remarked, “so I had returned safe and sound, he had no doubt all would be well, for I, *like a cat*, always managed, some how or other to fall on my legs.”

My mother treated me with several compliments, almost equally flattering, and both invited me to lodge in their house, till I could comfortably settle. I was at present a little

undecided what next to attempt, so I accepted their kind offer, as their first floor happened just then to be unoccupied.

The mutual good will which they manifested towards me, led me to believe, that they were on better terms with each other, than formerly. Mr. Mason had grown exceedingly lusty, and his heavy sleepy appearance, I judged to be among the fruits of domestic repose.

But no sooner had he turned his back, than my mother hastened to undeceive me. She began with bitterness, but soon got to the pathetic, and proceeded with overflowing eyes, to tell me that Mr. Mason, as he grew older, grew worse,—that he preferred any place to his own home, and any society to that of his wife.

Knowing what excellent company my mother was, and consequently what a comfortable home that must be, where she was found, I, of course, wondered that Mr. Mason should forego such advantages at his time of life. But I presently saw that my mother, though now somewhat “stricken in years,” was as vigilantly jealous

as ever, and, in truth, my unfortunate father-in-law, could neither stir out, nor remain at home, without exciting suspicion, and incurring reproach.

“ You have no idea, my dear George,” said she, “ what a wretch your father-in-law is. Why, there’s that Mrs. Rumpleton, the cheesemonger’s wife, on his account pretended that she dropped a carving-knife when she had no shoes on, and cut her instep. Much I believe it. Then, to be sure, Mr. Mason must go every day to put leeches on her foot, and to dress the wound. The boy would not do. No, I warrant you.”

I remarked it would hardly be expected, that Mrs. Rumpleton would choose to have a wound like that, trusted to the care of a lad. “ Would you yourself in such a case ?” I inquired.

This close question compelled my mother to change her ground. She found it would not do to confine herself to Mrs. Rumpleton, so she proceeded,

“ But it is not Mrs. Rumpleton only. That I should think nothing of. It was only last Sunday three weeks, that Mrs. Dawson, at the

Rectory, pretended to faint away just before the Doctor went to church in the morning, and sent for Mr. Mason, that he might go there, while she knew her husband would be fixed in the pulpit. Did not that prove there was something wrong?"

"To me," said I, "it seems nothing could be more proper, than for a lady to send for professional assistance, when she found that she was taken ill. That this chanced on a certain Sunday morning, proves nothing. She did not make a practice of sending for him on Sundays."

"No, but why? I knew it was all a sham, and went to the parsonage-house myself. I burst in upon them, just after he had tied her arm up to bleed her, and told her she was a good for nothing hussey, and might be ashamed of herself. Then she fainted away in earnest. Did not that tell tales?"

"Not that I can see."

"But she never sent for him afterwards. You must needs own that if she had not been conscious of something wrong, she would not

have been afraid of sending for Mr. Mason again."

I attempted to reason with my mother, but to no purpose. She said it was plain that I was anxious not to make mischief, but she was not quite a fool, and what she saw with her own eyes she would believe.

And then came a flood of tears, while she bitterly deplored the failure of Mr. Mason's practice, and more especially the paucity of female patients, which she ascribed, wholly, to the improprieties which marked his conduct.

This conversation, took place a very few days after my arrival. It would have been continued perhaps for an hour longer, but the arrival of Mr. Scampo, the attorney, whom I had been advised to consult in the present embarrassed state of my affairs, fortunately came in to my relief.

Alone with Mr. Scampo, I proceeded to explain my situation, which in few words was this—I owed some hundreds of pounds more than I was able to pay.

“ Well,” said Mr. Scampo, “ but you have got a hundred or two in hand, I suppose.”

I answered in the affirmative.

“ O then,” cried the attorney, “ we shall soon get you through it.”

“ Do you mind going to the Spike Hotel ?”

I inquired where the Spike Hotel was.

“ Why in St. George’s Fields to be sure. Did you never see the King’s Bench Prison ? But perhaps you have some objection to cross the water. In that case we can manage it differently, and get you sent to the Fleet or to Whitecross Street.”

“ I said, I did not know the several excellencies of those establishments, and consequently could not tell which deserved the preference.”

“ Possibly,” said he, “ you would rather not go to jail at all ?”

I thought it best to be frank with Mr. Scampo, so I candidly owned, though I did not wish to appear particular, that he was quite right, in the idea which he had formed of my taste.

“ Well,” said he, “ we can manage it easily enough. Indeed it is now the more fashionable



way to cut the prison altogether. We must make a bankrupt of you."

I said "that could not be done, as I had never been in business on my own account."

"Nonsense! anything passes for a business now a days. Put a couple of songs in the window below, and call yourself a music seller."

"Would that be admitted?"

"To be sure it would. Did not Warble, the singer, while keeping his carriage and making three thousand per ann. do the trick in the same way."

"But I have never been in the musical line."

"That's true. Well then take some girl out of the streets to live with you. Make her call herself your lodger, and swear yourself a boarding-house keeper."

"A boarding-house keeper!"

"Or purchase sixpennyworth of sprats, get some friend to buy them for sevenpence, and go into the Gazette as a fishmonger."

"Surely," said I, "these subterfuges will never be allowed."

"Subterfuges! What do you mean? These

are fair expedients. I never advise anything but what's perfectly respectable. Old Robchurch, to whom I was articled, blames me for being too nice. It was only last month, that he made one of his clients buy and sell a farthing's worth of *matches*, and passed him on the commissioners for a *timber-merchant*."

"Is it possible!"

"These things are quite common. Nobody thinks anything of them. As you have been well recommended to me, and I can depend on you, I think we could row in the same boat, and soon make a fortune for both of us."

"How?"

"Why, as you have got a hundred or two, we can easily get you into a grand house. You shall give a reference to me, and plenty of tradesmen will send you goods on credit."

"But of what use will that be? I cannot live on furniture."

"No, but you can sell it at half price for ready cash, and we can divide the money."

"I did not think of that."

"This we can do till the bills given as pay-

ment become due, and the holders of them impatient, and then we can set the house on fire."

"Set the house on fire! Why that would be ruin."

"First insure it for a thousand pounds, or two thousand pounds more than ever the property carried into it was worth, and come on the Phœnix, Eagle, or County Fire Office for the whole amount."

"But we should be suspected, and the newspapers would attack us."

"To be sure—that is the very thing we want! I will bring actions against them for libelling you. The juries will give only a far-thing damages, of course; but then the costs—the costs, you know; so we get them, we shall do: and these (out of pocket expenses deducted), we will divide between us."

"There is one thing you forget. Such conduct will be fatal to character—to every thing like respectability."

"We cannot eat our cake and have it. Of what use is respectability, but to enable us, on the strength of it, to pocket the pounds, shil-

lings, and pence? Parents wish their children to gain it for that purpose. Now, if we touch the cash, we need not care for the rest. Once rich, we shall soon find plenty of fine people ready to consider us respectable."

"Do you think a jury would give any verdict against a journal which had only stated the honest truth, to warn the public against fraud?"

"No doubt of it. The cry is, 'the greater the truth, the greater the libel,' as they tell you Lord Mansfield once said; but I do not believe a word of it. However, that goes down now, and, of course, the worse a man's character really is, the better claim has he to bring damages against those who speak against him."

"Is this the law?"

"Certainly—or, at any rate, the practice. The law will suffer nothing to be done that tends to a breach of the peace."

"So it declares, the feelings of a scoundrel are not to be wounded, for fear he should create a disturbance!"

"Exactly so. I have got a very fine crop of plaintiffs, at present the inhabitants of sundry

jails, forthcoming, if they should happen to escape being hanged. One fellow, who, *entre nous*, confesses to have attempted to murder his father, and who has been in half the prisons in England, is going, the moment he gets out, (as he will, through a flaw in the indictment,) to bring actions against all the papers, for telling something like the truth of him. He will make an immense fortune by his prosecutions."

"And do you really think, you can succeed in actions like this?"

"No question of it. The judges are determined to protect society, and make examples of those who speak truth, by condemning the truth, when published, as "false and malicious." Mr. Justice Twinge is severer than all the rest. This is perfectly proper, for *inter nos*, I speak hypothetically, if we were to suppose a case, that of a judge, degraded by early debauchery, and now in the daily habit of uttering the most daring blasphemies; to publish the truth respecting such a character, would certainly be, for him, a most injurious biting, and annihilating libel."

I was forced to admit this; and I said, "I could imagine another case, in which to publish the truth, might be matter of grave offence to the party; as, for instance, that of a blackguard attorney, (I begged Mr. Scampo's pardon, for alluding to his profession,) who after being guilty of a thousand swindling tricks, which would disgrace a professional ring-dropper, had the audacity to talk about actions to vindicate his honour and probity, I could easily conceive that the exposure of such a compound of sly atrocity, and shabby infamy, would provoke the unkennelled miscreant."

"In such a case," vociferated Scampo, with an oath, "I would prosecute, east, west, north, and south. I would be on the look out for every thing that had been said, might at the present moment be saying, or appeared likely to be said, at any future period, and teach the gentry of the press, to conjugate the verb to *prosecute*, through all its moods and tenses."

Returning to the more important subject of our conversation, I expressed fear, that I had not capital enough to do what he had suggested.

I reminded him, too, that Jeffries, one who had subscribed to send me to Greece, threatened to sue me for two hundred pounds, not one farthing of which had I ever owed him.

“ Never mind that,” said Mr. Scampo, “ let him proceed—I’ll get you through it. You shall admit the debt in court, but chouse him out of every farthing.”

“ How can that be done, if I admit the debt ?”

“ By bringing forward two witnesses, who saw you pay him back the money. Leave that to me—I have a dozen ready.”

This last villainous proposition so disgusted me, that I believe I should have answered angrily, but just then my mother entered, and expressed a wish to speak to me on an affair of the last importance.

Mr. Scampo, in consequence, took his leave, requesting me to turn the matter over in my mind.

Then my mother, bursting into tears, told me that I had now an opportunity of witnessing all the baseness of my father-in-law ; for Miss

Willoughby, a young lady, whom I must remember, had been twice there within a quarter of an hour, a man having been previously sent, to desire Mr. Mason to meet her at a milliner's shop, in the next street. She had seen the young lady as she went out the second time, and the disappointment which marked her countenance, told quite enough for her.

It was proved, in the course of a few minutes, that the cause of Miss Willoughby's visits, was an accident which had befallen her mother, by the overturning of a hackney coach. The dutiful anxiety of the young lady, had led to suppose the messenger sent from the milliner's where her mother had been received, had made some mistake, and determined her to go for him herself.

This, I say, was proved, but nothing would convince my mother, that the hackney coach had not been overturned on purpose, and Mrs. Willoughby half killed by design, in order to furnish the daughter with an excuse for calling on Mr. Mason. That he was out of the way at the time, only proved to her the



greater artfulness of the parties, who could hit upon such an expedient to baffle her suspicion, in which, however, she triumphantly remarked, “ they had not gained their object, as she knew them to be guilty, and so they need not hug themselves.”

## CHAPTER IV.

*I become an auctioneer, and am ruined by law, to prove the crown can do no wrong—I resolve upon going to South America, but am prevented by a dismal accident, which leads to important consequences.*

LIKE a dutiful son, as I could not bear to see my mother in distress, I was anxious to get away from her, but still, I was rather slow to shift my quarters, as I knew not to what place I had better remove, and had no immediate prospect of realizing anything that could be called an income.

Destitute as I was, though I found Mr. Hill as kind as ever, I was shy of repeating my visits. Adela accused me of being unfriendly, and her eyes conveyed a stronger reproof, but I felt, that, in the then situation of my finances, it would be equally ungenerous and unwise to speak to her of love, though I was thoroughly

convinced of this, that passion had full possession of my heart.

I sometimes turned over in my mind, the expedients which had been suggested by Mr. Scampo, in the hope of discovering one among them, that without doing great violence to my conscience, I could venture to adopt; but it was in vain that I did so. Though I have since heard, that most of them may boast of having been countenanced by persons of "high respectability," I was so dull as to consider them all disgraceful.

At last, I determined to turn auctioneer. I flattered myself, that, while with Mr. Alderton, I had seen enough of sales by auction, to be able to do very well in that line, on my own account.

Mr. Scampo, on hearing of this decision, rather censured it. He thought I might have hit upon a better plan. However, he wished me all possible success, and even recommended me a clerk of his own, who had been brought up to the business, and who would give me his most valuable assistance for twenty shillings a week.

I commenced, and though at first a little awkward, after a time I grew as saucy as any auctioneer in town, scraped up a pretty fair collection of second-hand jokes, and learned to speak something like the truth, in such a way, that it would deceive more effectually, than the best studied, and most premeditated falsehood.

Thus accomplished, a man of less talent, than I flatter myself I possess, would have stood a fair chance of getting on. I, in point of fact, began to hope that before long, I should establish a most excellent trade, but an unlucky accident occurred which blasted all my hopes.

I was one day strutting into my sale room, when a person, whom I had never seen before, accosted me, and told me that his name was Samuel Stubbs.

His manner arrested my attention, more forcibly than his name, which I had then the pleasure of hearing for the first time, and when I had sufficiently marked the surprise I experienced by a stare, he afforded me an opportunity of staring again, and with more amazement than ever,

For Mr. Samuel Stubbs put a paper into my hands, which purported to be an announcement, or memorandum, of a decision come to by the honourable the Commissioners of the Board of Excise, which, as well as I could make it out, for it was badly written and inaccurately spelt, set forth the interesting fact, that I was ordered by the said honourable Board, to pay the mitigated fine of five-and-twenty pounds, being only a quarter of the sum, which by law they might have claimed, the whole of the remaining seventy-five pounds the Commissioners having been pleased in their great clemency to remit.

I had always been a loyal subject, had always asserted the excellence of the English laws and constitution, and was never weary of insisting on the expediency of "letting well alone." But when it was reported to me, that I had been fined a hundred pounds, for I knew not what, I began to storm against corruption and injustice, with all the furious zeal of a radical reformer.

I said, I had never understood that in England a man could be accused by an unseen witness, and condemned unheard.

To which Mr. Samuel Stubbs replied, "that it was all nonsense going on in that there kind of way. That I knowed very well what it was for, and therefore I had better pay the money at once, or else it would be the worse for me."

Thereupon I replied, with great bravery, that "as an Englishman, whose imprescriptible privileges were secured to him by Magna Charta, and the Bill of Rights, I was entitled to claim a trial by my peers, and would accordingly appeal first to the honourable Commissioners, and then to a jury of my countrymen."

I somehow suspected that Mr. Samuel Stubbs was an impostor. To me it seemed to stand to reason, that if I had been prosecuted by a public Board, some official notice would have been given to me, of the early proceedings in the case, as well as of the final decision, which they might pronounce. This, Mr. Stubbs said, "I was not to expect, for it was *wastly* beneath the dignity of the honourable Board, to communicate with me."

By no means satisfied with this statement, I petitioned the Board to be allowed to go to trial,

and in about a week afterwards Mr. Stubbs came to me again. He told me the Board had granted the prayer of my petition, but warned me, that if I should be cast, I must now expect no mitigation of the penalty, and if I succeeded in proving the charge to be utterly groundless, it would probably cost me a great deal more than the sum now claimed, as I should have to pay all the costs of the prosecution. This, he said, he had been directed by the Commissioners, to make me thoroughly understand.

I did not believe one word of his story. To me it appeared monstrous, for I was not conversant with such matters then, that a young trader should be exposed to a loss which might almost cause his ruin, where his innocence was established.

So I waited on Mr. Tracey, the solicitor to the Board. He confirmed all that Mr. Stubbs had said.

This gentleman, was a sober, sedate, well powdered lawyer, and when I had favoured him with my opinion, that integrity when proved ought not to be visited with severer punishment,

than that awarded to admitted guilt, he replied that it might seem so to me, from my want of knowledge of the law; but it would be to infringe a great constitutional principle, if in such cases the costs fell on the Crown, which “ could do no wrong.”

He admitted that the revenue, according to the information received, had lost but sevenpence halfpenny by me. I pointed out to him that if I had intended a fraud in selling property worth some thousands of pounds, it stood to reason, I should have aimed at realising more than a few pence.

Mr. Tracey did not deny this, but said the money must be paid. He refused to tell me who had informed against me, and what was the particular occasion on which I had been a defaulter. He hinted, as Mr. Stubbs had done, that I should do well to avail myself of the Commissioners’ *clemency*, and pay the mitigated penalty.

I refused to do this, went to trial, proved that there was no foundation for the charge, and was acquitted accordingly.

I had been accused in consequence of a false



entry made by the clerk, Mr. Scampo had recommended. This I have since learned was done by design, that Mr. Scampo might inform against me.

The acquittal was a prodigious triumph, but my joy was soon abated by finding the expenses which fell on me, were quite as heavy as Mr. Stubbs and the solicitor had hinted they would prove. They exceeded a hundred pounds. This loss was tremendous, to one in my straitened circumstances, but I was still more annoyed by the jeers with which I was assailed on all sides for my folly, in daring to oppose the honourable Board. Mr. Alderton manifested a good deal of feeling on this occasion, and cautioned me in a friendly way, against attempting in any similar case to prove that I was honest.

Now that it was too late, I appreciated the value of this advice. Mr. Stubbs, when the trial was over, had sneeringly told me that "now I had gained the day, I should see what I would get by it." A hundred times over did I wish that I had acted on his advice, for loyal as I was, I did not at all approve of the manner in which

“ the great constitutional principle,” spoken of by Mr. Tracey, had been vindicated in this instance. I was determined not to be a turncoat, but still I felt my gorge rise when I reflected, that I, without having in any instance offended the law, was minus more than a hundred pounds, because I had repelled a false charge ; and I could not help sometimes murmuring even among my tory friends, that a guiltless subject ought not to be plundered of such a sum under a Crown prosecution, in order to prove that “ the King can do no wrong.”

It was doubtful whether I could stand my ground before, but this business terminated all suspense, and put an end to my anxiety by sealing my ruin.

My expenses exceeded my gains, and I was thinking of something desperate, when Betterton called on me. He had contrived to get recommended to the notice of some of the South American agents in this country, and had been presented with a commission in the Colombian service. He was about to proceed to Bogota immediately, and if I would accompany him

thither, he had no doubt that his influence would obtain for me, the same advancement which he had been so fortunate as to gain for himself.

I wished for a little time, to consider of this proposition, but he told me it was absolutely necessary to determine Aye, or No, at once. He was to leave London the following day, at an early hour. By five o'clock that afternoon, the stage in which he was to travel, would reach a village, a hundred miles distant from the capital, where he was to remain till midnight, when a branch coach would come up, which would convey him to Devonport, where he was to meet some of the functionaries belonging to the Republic.

I decided to accompany him, bade adieu to my mother and Mr. Mason, and also to Adela, and left town with Betterton.

On arriving at the place where we had to wait for the branch coach, I found that we were in the neighbourhood of the Priory, Mr. Havesham's residence. At parting, he had expressed

a hope, that we should meet in England, and I felt inclined to call at the Priory.

But by the time we had dined, and enjoyed a little rest after our journey, the evening had set in. To visit at so unseasonable an hour, Betterton thought would appear strange. I, however, reflected, that I must do so then, or not at all, and determined to retrace the path which led to the scene of my night adventure with Skim, and consider on the way, whether to attempt seeing Mr. Haversham or not.

The clock struck nine shortly after I had entered the outer park. I approached the gate of the inner one, mentally discussing the question, to call or not to call, when my deliberations were brought to a conclusion, by an unexpected accident.

While indulging in the fine reflection, "perhaps I am now looking on the Priory for the last time," I was startled at perceiving several men rush impetuously towards me. Several shots were fired, by persons in pursuit of those whose advance had arrested my intention.

“There’s one of them,” cried the foremost of the party; and another called out to him “to split my skull.” Just then, I received the contents of a fowling-piece in my face and neck, in consequence of which I extended myself on the ground, as expeditiously as I could have done, if my skull had indeed been split.

I soon recovered my senses, and found myself carried by the arms and legs, I knew not whither, and by individuals of whom I had no recollection. I heard them say, “they had shot one of them,” but who was meant by the word “them,” I could not at that moment conjecture.

In a few minutes afterwards, I was laid on the floor of an apartment, and I heard the well-known voice of Mr. Haversham.

“I hope you have not killed the man,” said he. “I ordered you only to use small shot.”

“We only fired small shot, sir,” several voices immediately replied.

By this time, I had so far recovered, that I was able to sit up, and those about me remarked that I was not hurt.

He directed the servants to wipe away the blood, which had flowed down my face, and while this was doing, sternly demanded "what I had to say for myself."

I replied, that I had been attacked by rufians, to whom I had offered no obstruction, and given no offence, and his servants could tell the rest.

"Indeed! is it so!" he exclaimed, in an altered tone. "This is an unfortunate business. I think we have met before."

I thought he alluded to my former visit to the Priory, for in Greece I was so disguised, that now my mustachios had vanished, with the costume in which he then saw me, I did not expect that he would recognise me as one of his companions at Napoli.

That he did so, was not immediately apparent, but he expressed the deepest regret for my misfortune. The injury I had received, he explained to me, had been inflicted by one of his servants in resisting a desperate gang of poachers, whose audacity had lately become so great, that it was only by force of arms, that he could

prevent them from invading, not merely his grounds, but his residence.

Every attention was paid to me that the injury I had received made necessary, or kindness could suggest. Medical assistance was obtained. The surgeon thought it necessary that I should lose a little blood. I told him that I had lost some already, but my statement did not alter his opinion. The operation was performed, and I was put to bed in the Priory.

On visiting me the next day, the doctor declared that I was much better. This gave me a very high opinion of his skill, for had he not perceived the improvement which had taken place, I am sure that it would not have been discovered by me, and I think, not by Mr. Haversham, as my weakness was now so great, that I could not rise without assistance.

I sent to the inn where I had been staying, to make inquiries about my friend Betterton. He had continued his journey alone, but had left a note behind for me, in which he blamed my negligence, and invited me to follow him as soon as I could find a conveyance.

That was, for the present, out of the question, as a fortnight elapsed, before I could quit my apartment.

During this time, I met with the greatest attention from Mr. Haversham, who proved that he knew me, notwithstanding my altered appearance, by referring in the most flattering terms, to my interference in behalf of Selim. Of the Turkish boy himself, he said little, but I understood that he had left him at Malta, from which place, on his way to the Morea, he had taken him.

As I regained my strength, I enjoyed a high treat in promenading the grounds of the Priory, and in exploring the romantic wonders of that magnificent edifice. To inspect the accumulated treasures, which taste, and wealth, and a passionate love of literature, had furnished to its ample galleries, was a delightful task ; to explore its lofty turrets and commanding tower, which I had seen erecting by torch-light, afforded me new and indescribably pleasing sensations ; and here I frequently enjoyed



the luxury of reading the books, of which Mr. Haversham was the author.

These, I had previously heard described to be works of superior genius. I read them with a disposition to concur in the admiration which I had seen bestowed on them by others, and certainly found no difficulty in doing what I wished. Talent, extensive knowledge of human nature, shrewd remarks, and benevolent feelings, appeared to me conspicuous in every page, and how far my judgment might be influenced by his present kindness to me, I cannot say, but I rose each day from their perusal, in a perfect glow of admiration.

The reports which I had formerly heard to his prejudice, were not forgotten, and a loquacious domestic, who had been twenty years in the Priory, one day mentioned some of the circumstances connected with the disappearance of Mrs. Haversham, which struck me as most singular, not to say suspicious. The impression, however, which was thus created, presently “vanished into thin air,” before the influence of

that continued good will, of which I found myself the peculiar object.

When, from having been some weeks resident in the Priory, I thought it time to speak of withdrawing, he earnestly desired me to prolong my stay, and I complied without much pressing, as I did not exactly know where else I could go.

He in fact begged of me to consider myself at home, and professed himself anxious to be assisted by me in the arrangement of his library and papers, if I would permit him to remunerate me for the services he should require.

Of course I talked of delicacy, and reluctance to receive money. He bluntly cut the matter short, and claimed, if I permitted him to avail himself of my assistance, to make it a matter of business, and hoped I would leave him to settle it in his own way.

Though I felt embarrassed, and said I looked for nothing of the kind, I was not sorry to learn that such were his wishes, and when, a few days afterwards, I received under cover a hundred

pound note on account, though my fine feelings were again brought into play, I was not very seriously affronted.

I thus became a regular inmate of the Priory. Mr. Haversham made a show of employing me, but it appeared to me, that his true object was to lead me into a course of study, on which I had previously been unable to enter. The progress I made seemed to constitute his delight.

“It is from these peaceful pursuits,” he observed to me one day, “that man in my judgment derives his best enjoyments. The progress an individual makes in learning, has the good effect of teaching him how little, after all, he can know, and consequently of abating the arrogance of pretension.”

I assented to this, and made some remarks on the aspiring folly of mankind in general.

“To me,” said he, “such aspirings certainly appear ridiculous. In early youth our hopes are too sanguine. These disappointed, as they are sure to be, we yield to unreasonable dismay, and perhaps undervalue what is good in life, as much as we over-rated it before. Once I

hoped, I can remember, to become a distinguished military commander—then I thought of making myself eminent at the bar, and these ideas dismissed, I expected to gain fame from literature.”

“ In this,” I remarked, “ at any rate you have not failed.”

“ Indeed, I have. I have been merely considered respectable, when I wanted to be great.”

“ And so you have been considered ; but it falls to the lot of few, to be duly appreciated while they live.”

“ That applies not to mediocrity. It is however undoubtedly true, that many splendid men have only had justice done them by time, when they had passed into eternity. I have sometimes likened genius to the bird of paradise, which is rarely considered while it is alive, but found dead on the mountains, its beautiful plumage is then displayed to challenge admiration, and is made familiar to every eye.”

Again I ventured to hint, that this was not Mr. Haversham's case. Fame, at least, I said was his.

“ I know not that,” he replied, “ nor do I think I court it ; for often I have seen it given, as I have thought, for that which least deserved it. Praises have been heaped on men for what merited censure, in my judgment, and the honours so obtained have appeared to me like the jewels worn by a profligate beauty, the trophies of unpardonable wandering, the badges of indelible disgrace.”

“ Not such, are the distinctions which you have earned.”

“ But at the best, what is fame after all—what is the brief applause, and the most ennobling celebrations which such feeble short-lived beings can offer? I laugh when I think of them, and as a summer fly hums about me, I have not unfrequently thought, perhaps, this is an insect poet or minstrel, dispensing fame, by singing the praises of some immortal fly, who has paid nature’s debt to the spider or the cat.”

“ This is a fanciful illustration, sir, but you seem to undervalue celebrity, as indeed you do life altogether.”

“ Perhaps I do : life has long since faded to

my eye, or rather, if I may use so coarse a figure, turned sour on my palate."

"I wish you could bring yourself to indulge in society again. The friendships you might form or renew, would agreeably occupy your mind."

"I think not. Friendship is only a good when it is founded on esteem, and even such friendships I think are short."

"Nay, sir, I know individuals who have been friends for half a century."

"Aye," Mr. Haversham said, "so do I, nominally friends. That is, they give themselves that name, and sometimes meet and shake hands. But generally, friendship, that is, ardent sincere friendship, is of no such date. It gains maturity while the parties are moderately new to each other, and dies in the course of seven years, of old age."

"I hope, sir, your experience will not justify the opinion you have now advanced."

"I wish yours may not compel you to adopt it. What is *called* friendship, is not to my taste. Few things are more intolerable to me,

than the forms of social intercourse, kept up by those who have ceased to value each other. I hate the shadow of kindness, when the substance is fled—the stalk which remains when the bright blushing fragrant flower is no more ; the stubble which annoys, when the nourishing treasure it once sustained, is gone for ever. I shrink from the nauseous courtesies, which grow on such connections.”

“ I think, sir, you are too severe on those you have known.”

“ It may be so. To censure too unsparingly, is the common fault of age and sorrow. Do not form your opinion of mankind from my present view of their doings. I am perhaps unjustly harsh. We should rather pity the transgressions we witness, than put ourselves forward to condemn. Though we may feel ourselves ‘ more sinned against than sinning,’ I hold it to be a duty, but it is one which I have often forgotten, to view with mildness the errors of those who offend us, never forgetting that all, even the best, must one day be suppliants for mercy.”

Mr. Haversham spoke with great emphasis, and more than common expression beamed from his eyes, when he alluded, as I thought, to himself, as being “more sinned against than sinning.” I was tempted to ask a question, relative to the subject, which I suspected he had in his mind. He looked as if he expected and wished to avoid it, for he rather abruptly closed the conversation ; and left the room.



## CHAPTER V.

*I find Mr. Haversham a most indulgent friend—His opinion of human nature—He recounts part of the story of his life.*

MR. HAVERSHAM'S kindness for me, seemed daily to increase. The benevolence which I witnessed, and the sentiments which I heard fall from his lips, made me doubt exceedingly all that I had heard to his prejudice, which formerly I had taken for granted.

Though I recalled, with something like contempt, the great change which a supper had wrought in the opinion of Skim, I mentally argued, that if, on the one hand, it was idle to let the courtesy of an evening pass for the refutation of a grave accusation, on the other, it was but fair to consider, that habitual kindness, and numerous just and even noble actions,

offered fair evidence, that the individual so distinguished, was not a villain unfit to live.

I resolved to attempt drawing him into a conversation, which might lead him to speak on the subject of his early life. In this I succeeded rather sooner than I expected. The rapacity of an individual, who was known by report to Mr. Haversham, had been the topic of my speech, and I had testified surprise, that an aged man should be so eager in the pursuit of wealth, when he undertook to explain it.

“To me,” said Mr. Haversham, “it appears easily accounted for. Men like to be of some importance in the world, for insignificance, is too like death, to be agreeable. Nature, as we advance in years, withdraws by degrees the power to sin. Our failing strength precludes us from doing much in the way of personal violence, our debilitated constitutions oppose themselves to the vice of gluttony, and we seldom drink to excess, without risk of being removed altogether. With women we cannot much offend, so that, in fact, avarice is almost

the only vice, that old age can pursue with youthful vivacity, or the vigour of mature life."

"You argue, then, that iniquity is necessary to human existence."

"Not exactly so; but I maintain that it is almost inseparable from it, and that generally when men cannot be offenders in one way, they indemnify themselves by seeking crime in another."

"That," I ventured to remark, "is taking rather a harsh view of our common nature. I think, crime generally comes unsought, and we fall into it without premeditation or design."

"You say well. Many are overtaken by it, when they least expect it. A man of thirty knows not what dreadful guilt, may appear to attach to him before he is forty."

Mr. Haversham spoke without having anything in his manner, that would justify a belief that he made any reference to his own case, yet, from the idea which was uppermost in my mind, I felt assured that such was the fact. I knew not what reply to offer. To express my concurrence in what he had advanced, would,

as it struck me, be in effect making a personal application of his words, and whatever he might mean himself, I did not expect he would feel at all gratified by receiving such a hint from me. He relieved me from the embarrassment which I had felt, by not waiting for my reply.

“ I believe,” he added, “ many who have acted strangely in advanced life, have not always been remarkable. My own history furnishes, as I think, a striking instance of this.”

I listened to Mr. Haversham, with surprise not to be described. I really began to expect that all I had heard would be confirmed, by his own acknowledgment. He saw how I was affected, and remarked on it as follows :—

“ I see that you are amazed at what you have heard, and I can read in your countenance something more than amazement. You have heard much to my prejudice ; and though your interest, and, perhaps, your humanity, incline you not to yield implicit belief to all that has been told, still, I see, or think I see, an expression of pity, mingled with horror.”

“ Indeed, sir,” said I, “ you are wrong. Injurious statements connected with your name, I have certainly heard, but far am I, from considering them as entitled to credit.”

“ Why, I certainly think you have had enough experience in the world, to know that every thing, which may be told against one who has never cared to defend his character, is not likely to prove quite correct. But I have no right to complain, if you believe all, since I have not thought it worth while to offer any thing in answer, or in palliation of the charges, which I know have been preferred.”

“ I have not wished to pry into such matters.”

“ Nor have I wished to intrude them on you. And yet I do experience a desire, founded on reasons not now to be communicated, to make you understand that I am not quite so wicked as some have reported. Shall I try your patience ?”

“ I am quite sure my patience would not be proved, by my attention being called to any statement, which affected the character of so kind a friend, as I have found in you.”

“ Then I will speak ; and when I vex your ear too much, you shall retire without offence. Mine is a singular history. The son of wealthy parents, who died while I was yet an infant ; when I approached maturity, I found myself master of wealth, long suffered to accumulate—so ample, so boundless, that it seemed to defy extravagance itself to exhaust it. The common enjoyments of life, pressed so lightly on my ample means, that they soon lost all value from their cheapness. I remember, with sincere, but unavailing sorrow, how largely I abused the advantages of my situation. But what was the result?—weariness and disappointment—the slave of dissipation may boast of revelling in licentious pleasures, but can never taste of comfort.”

I bowed, with a demure air, at this, as much as to say, that I was exactly of his way of thinking.

“ You seem to assent,” he remarked. “ In this I can hardly believe you sincere ; but if you are so, I much fear the persuasion will not remain long enough on your mind, to spare

you remorse at a future day, like that which I now feel, though not in so great a degree.

“ I will not prolong my own humiliation, by dwelling on the irregularities which disgraced some years of my existence. Suffice it to say, the day at length arrived, when I could no longer cheat myself into a belief, that the pursuits in which I had been accustomed to indulge, led to any thing that deserved the name of enjoyment. I was now in my thirty-fifth year, and my impaired constitution, announced to me, with sufficient distinctness, that perseverance in the courses which had, till then, been mine, would infallibly doom me to a premature old age. My friends counselled marriage; and, at this moment, an object, whose image I tremble to recall, presented itself. Beauty, mildness, and intelligence, commanded my admiration. I doubted, if youth, like hers, so largely endowed by nature, and so improved by education, would look on me, after what I had been, and being what I was. Delight swelled my heart, when I found that its misgivings were vain—that it was my fortune to

win her affection. Let me not dwell on it—  
Rosalia became my wife.

“ To this mansion, different then from what the fantastic humours of its wayward master have since made it, I brought my blooming bride. On those grounds where nature, with lavish hand has bestowed not a few splendid samples of her affluence, ’twas mine to see, the fairest object that creation owned, enrich the scene. With what ecstasy did I gaze on that fair form ! as with sweet playfulness, she bounded over the lawn, to invite me forth, or welcome my return. It was then that I felt myself rich, possessed of such a treasure ; for all that was bright and kind, charmed my senses, when I contemplated her person and disposition. Imagination could not picture another being of equal magnificence. My eyes, glistened with unspeakable rapture at the vision, and my full joyous heart, had not a wish to breathe.”

“ You speak, sir, with the ardour of a lover.”

“ The weakness of accumulating years makes me, for a moment, forget myself. Yet, thus did I feel, and melancholy as the sequel of my



tale will prove, I can hardly say that my ideas were wrong, in attaching such importance to one like Rosalia—such as I thought her then. I have sometimes smiled, and sighed, while I saw those, whom the wretched world called prudent, sensible calculating persons, connecting themselves with age and deformity, to gain wealth. What can wealth buy?—what gem so costly—what scene so brilliant,—what on earth is there so beyond all price magnificent, as a splendid wife!

“ Let me hasten to forget this picture. My wife I fondly loved; and I had—*had* children, whom I hoped, in the fulness of time, to see resemble their mother.”

The manner in which he spoke of his children, breathed wildness and agony. It affected me, and I with difficulty repressed an involuntary tear, which pressed for emancipation from my eyelid.

“ A mournful change, I was doomed to experience in my prospects, and my hopes. Bliss, such as I have described, cannot long dwell on earth. Too soon I observed an alteration in the

deportment of my wife. The ardour of affection, and the glow of mirth, which had once formed my happiness, were no more. A gloomy chilly coldness succeeded. I strove to account for the alteration, I remarked, but in vain ;—she refused explanation. Her language, it struck me, was sometimes calculated to convey a meaning to my ear, which, in truth, was not what really belonged to it. I often surprised her in tears.

“ I strove with earnest affection, and sincere anxiety, to dissipate the melancholy I remarked, and hoped I had succeeded ;—my fears were hushed, and my doubts removed. Rosalia convinced me that I was still beloved, and that all that had disturbed me, was utterly unworthy of serious attention. Again I was happy, and again I believed the health and the beauty of my wife, were about to be renewed.

“ One evening, in the autumn, we promenaded the grounds, and engaged in conversation, and continued to do so, till long after night-fall. We returned to the small gothic door, near the cloisters, and I thought she entered with me.

There was no light. I stepped forward, calling on the servants to attend. I looked round, and Rosalia was gone. I supposed that she had passed to the drawing-room, but there I found her not. After a time, I sought for her in our chamber, and, in short, in every apartment in the Priory. My efforts were unavailing; and now, offended and surprised, I rushed into the park, and called on her aloud. I thought a faint scream answered my voice, and ran towards the part whence it came. The sound was not repeated—I saw no one—and I was compelled to return, which I at last did, in unspeakable confusion and alarm, without having discovered any thing, from which I could form a reasonable conjecture as to the cause of her absence.

“The morning came, and a portion of Rosalia’s dress, was found in the lake, as we called the piece of water near which I first saw you, so disposed, as to give an idea that their desperate owner had perished by suicide. I had the water instantly dragged, but the corpse of Rosalia was not then discovered.

“ But that she had perished, I could scarcely doubt, unable as I was to account for the circumstance which I have just mentioned. The agony which I endured, it would be a folly to name, with a view to description ;—to God, and to myself, it can only be known.

“ Shall I go on, to recount the monstrous reports—the inhuman calumnies which were shortly circulated ? Dead to hope, and negligent of the world, I shut myself up here, with my children. The slanders which baseness had invented, credulity received, and indefatigable malice aggravated them. I had not sought intimacy with many, but I now found myself shunned by the very few, whom I had cared to approach. A female corpse was discovered on my grounds. It was in such a state of decay, that no feature could be recognised ; but, in stature, it was so different from my wife, that I could not, for a moment, believe that I saw the remains of Rosalia. I directed the proper inquiries to be made on the subject, and, subsequently, the body was decently interred.

“ This was called a secret funeral. It was

said that the deceased was well known by me, to be my wife ; and some went so far as to insinuate, that I was a modern Bluebeard, and that Rosalia was probably only one, of fifty victims, to my propensities for lust and murder.

“ All the circumstances of my conduct were carefully put together, and a colouring given to them, which really surprised me, from its ingenuity. My suspicious uneasiness a short time before Rosalia’s death—my subsequently renewed affection—my agitation when she was missing—and my affliction when I mourned her as dead, were all brought forward, with other incidents, which, trivial in themselves, were now considered as pregnant with most important meaning, and held by many, to establish my guilt.

“ A distinct accusation, was, at last, preferred against me, and such a one, that I was committed for trial. At the proper time, I answered the charge, and was acquitted.

“ But the verdict in my favour, did not acquit me, in the minds of those who had previously decided that I was a murderer. The opinion

was, that my wealth had saved me. I was too much depressed to seek justice from those who avowed it. Instead of doing so, I studiously avoided the parties who aspersed me, and this was regarded as a new evidence of crime. According to them, conscious guilt made me shun the light.

“In the midst of the affliction which had come over me, I found some consolation in the society of my children. I deeply lamented my lost wife. Sometimes I hoped that her real murderer would yet be made amenable before a human tribunal; but, in cherishing her offspring, I thought I had found a better, I knew it was a sweeter occupation, than that of defending myself. Proscribed as I was, by the voice of my accusing neighbours, I still experienced moments of satisfaction, while contemplating the features of my lost partner, in those of her children. I was, in a manner, excluded from the world, but they, were all the world to me.”

## CHAPTER VI.

*Mr. Haversham continues his narrative.*

MR. HAVERSHAM sighed deeply as he spoke. A long pause succeeded, which I dared not to break. He seemed preparing to proceed, when, on a sudden, he rose from his chair, exclaiming, "to-morrow—to-morrow, my friend—at all events, *not* to-night."

He immediately left the room, and I passed in review every thing he had said. His denial of the murder was distinct, but I thought there were some remarkable admissions in what he said. His heart he described to have been much disturbed; this was but a short time before the death of Mrs. Haversham. I had also noticed his observation, that a man at thirty, knew not what guilt might appear to attach to him at forty. The words did not strike me as singular, but the tone in which they were pronounced,

conveyed to me an idea, that he had experienced, in his own person, a sudden transition, if not from innocence to guilt, at least to error. Again, while speaking of his wife as having died by suicide, or by some unknown hand, his grief appeared to me but feeble in expression ; and it was accompanied by an indescribable look, which I knew not how to understand, but which, certainly, I was almost tempted to interpret to be one unfavourable to her ; and I half suspected, that, denying guilt, in which I judged him sincere, he meant to impute guilt to Rosalia, and that he had, in a burst of impetuous wrath, committed that violence which deprived her of life, but which he regarded as no more than the just punishment of her transgression.

This idea was soon repelled by other parts of his speech, which occurred to my recollection. The indignation he expressed for those who had suspected him of raising his hand against her life, and the pleasure which he had described himself to have known, while tracing her features in the countenances of his children, seemed, to me, completely at variance with the supposition



that he had found the woman, to whom he had been so devotedly attached, forgetful of her honour, and faithless to her lord.

I was impatient to obtain some further explanation, and it was speedily supplied. On the following day, when we found ourselves alone, he resumed.

“ It was unwise, perhaps, to intrude on you, any portion of my history,” said he, “ but having begun, I must go further. Careless as I am about the world’s applause, there are circumstances (*on which, at some future period, I shall speak more at large*) which make you an exception from the world; and I avow an anxiety to remove from your mind, some of the misconceptions into which you may have been betrayed.

“ Occupied with the task of educating my children, my days passed sadly enough, but occasionally, relieved with gleams of delight. Some years had elapsed, when an opportunity offered for visiting France. The war was then at its height, but the French proudly avowed, that they did not engage in hostilities with

science. I had a friend, highly distinguished in the literary world, who had obtained permission to visit the French Institute, and the various learned associations of Paris. He wished me to accompany him, and moody and restless as I found myself at home, I was not without hopes that a change of scene would afford my mind some relief, and I wished to obtain one or more French teachers, to assist in the education of my children. The fancy was, perhaps, a foolish one, but it was mine.

“To Paris I went, and little disposed as I was to be pleased with any thing, I confess I felt no small gratification at the attentions lavished on myself and friend, because we were known to be attached to science, notwithstanding we appeared as subjects of that nation, which was at once the most determined, and the most formidable enemy of France. But an essay on national character, would be out of its place, connected with my narrative. I pass to other matters.

“Among the various objects in the vicinity of Paris, which claimed my attention, none in-

terested me more than the palace, I should rather say the palaces, and gardens of Versailles. The majestic scale, on which regal magnificence has there been displayed, moved my wonder, and the various objects which claim admiration I inspected from day to day with unabated interest. Sometimes I figured to myself, in the walks which lead from the chateau to the grand and the petit Trianon, the characters which had peopled them in the days of Louis Quatorze, and Madame de Maintenon. I pictured the monarch and his mistress enjoying a lonely walk, after nightfall, free from observation, and exempt from that attendance, which is at once the envy of the mean, and the annoyance of the great.

“ Thus musing, I slowly paced the grand avenue, which leads to the steps by which you ascend to the chateau, when I perceived a man and woman approach, apparently absorbed in serious conversation. The moon had risen, and illuminated with irregular brightness the walk in which I wandered. The parties I had seen, appeared to observe me while yet at some con-

siderable distance, and their conversation was not continued. As they passed me the light fell full on their faces. I looked on the female, and—I tremble while I recal it—I saw Rosalia.”

“ Your wife, sir ! Did you discover your wife ? ” I inquired, almost persuaded that he must have spoken of some other person of the same name.

“ It was my wife—the wife I had mourned, God only knows how sincerely, as dead.”

“ Indeed ! The shock must have been great ! Did you speak ? ”

“ I could not. Speech and reason, and I might almost add life itself, fled. A faint groan escaped from me, and I staggered against one of the statues, to which I clung for support. When the first burst of anguish was over, and I became in some degree capable of arranging my thoughts, I endeavoured to follow those I had seen. But they were now out of my sight, and I in vain attempted to pursue their steps. I tried to persuade myself that I was deceived, but could not succeed. No ; her features were too well

known, and had been too dearly beloved to make it possible for me to mistake."

"Are you sure of that? Strong resemblances are sometimes found."

"To doubt was impossible, even from what I then saw, and changed as she was, for her aspect was that of a spectre. But had there been a doubt in the first instance, the wretched conviction would have been brought home to me, before I quitted Paris. It was my misery again to see Rosalia. She was then in a splendid chariot. Her paramour was with her. I know not to what act of desperation I should have been urged, but that in the moment when I was springing forward to accost her, I was arrested by one of the gens-d'armes as a spy. The chariot passed swiftly on. I could only follow it with my eyes, and long before I had time to offer the necessary explanations to those who had me in custody, Rosalia vanished, and I saw her no more.

"The painful revulsion of feeling which I experienced—the transition from affectionate sor-

row to wild detestation, I shall never forget while a single recollection inhabits this emaciated frame. There wanted but this, to withdraw from me all that had previously soothed my sorrow. No more could I gaze on my children as I had done till then. My children ! were they mine—were they not cheats—impositions—frauds successfully put upon me. These were the questions which I now asked myself. When I saw them again, their artless caresses even struck me as suspicious. They had once recalled beauties, which had blessed me, now they pictured what had become my curse ; and where I lately saw an angel's smiles, I thought I saw but a harlot's blandishments.

“ These feelings possessed my soul when my boy died. Will you believe it when I say it, dear as he had been to me, I almost rejoiced that he was withdrawn, and looked on his cold remains, when he was laid out for the grave, if not with indifference, with but moderate regret.

“ To these circumstances, do I ascribe those habits which may have moved your surprise, as they have that of others. Hence the irrita-

bility and those acts of impatience—to speak more honestly, those instances of unjustifiable violence, of which no doubt you have sometimes heard, and which, by degrading me one moment, have doomed me to submit to a new humiliation in the next, to atone for the former.”

“ No, sir,” I replied, “ I have only heard you spoken of with admiration, for the generous eagerness, with which you have consoled those whose intrusion you have perhaps too hastily resented, and the immeasurable bounty, with which you have requited momentary pain.”

“ My thoughts and my actions, I feel, have been unlike those of other men. I could no longer act from the same motives as governed them. The wish to accumulate, on the one hand, and the necessity for expending, on the other, were mine no more. I wished not to be a miser, and did not feel myself discharged from all duty toward that society, which proved itself but too well disposed to war against me. Hence sprang the Babel-like project, which has given to this mansion, as it has to its proprie-

tor, a degree of eccentric celebrity, which I did not court, and on which I did not calculate. I caused the lofty tower which distinguishes it, to rise, that I might have an excuse for beneficially disbursing useless wealth, among the sons of humble industry. With what may have excited your mirth, as a piece of theatrical folly, I insisted that the works should be carried on, even during the hours of darkness. The spectacle was one, which I could look on with some degree of interest; and it belongs to the impetuosity of my character, whether inherent in my nature, or derived from the despotic habits which grow on unwieldy wealth, I know not, when once I decide on undertaking a work of magnitude, to pant with impatient ardour for its completion. But I do not arrogate to myself benevolence, which I have not known, when I add, that one motive for acting thus, was supplied by the opportunity it afforded me, for employing a great number of labourers at the same time, without appearing to affect liberality.

“ This feeling, has influenced me in other



matters. On the night when you first visited my grounds, you found a banquet prepared. Such was my daily practice, and such it continues. You know from the experience you have had of my habits, that festive pleasures have little attraction for me. Still I have considered it right to create that consumption, of which, under other circumstances, I should have been the cause. This has gained me the name of an epicure, but you can testify, that I merit it not from what I eat myself, and my profusion is the support of others."

In this I certainly knew that Mr. Haversham spoke truth, and I thought it but reasonable to say so. Indeed, I got rather eloquent on the subject of his self-denial, and on that of his other virtues. I knew from experience, that such topics seldom gave offence, and were rarely even found tedious. Here, however, it was different.

"Nay, nay," said Mr. Haversham, "it is enough that I should speak in my own behalf. Do not echo back, what perhaps is but self flat-

tery. You have gained my esteem by your frankness. Do not risk losing it, if you have any value for it, by continuing this strain."

There was a stinging rebuke in his tone and look, which instantly reduced me to silence, and made me feel not a little abashed, at the part I had acted. My embarrassment was observed by him. He appeared to regret the sternness he had used, and he added, with all his customary suavity,

"Let us find some more interesting theme for conversation."

"May I ask you, sir," said I, "if you have since heard aught of the female, who was your wife?"

"Yes, within a few months of my return to France, a messenger waited on me from her. He brought me news, that he had seen her breathe her last. The wretched being, he said, blamed her own conduct with sufficient severity, implored my forgiveness, and prayed for my happiness."

He added, "he was the bearer of a long letter from her, which she was most anxious should

be put into my hands. This had been detained with his effects by the Custom House officers, but he promised soon to procure it. I impatiently expected him to redeem his promise. Years elapsed before I saw him again. In fact, I did not get the letter, which, to me, was of no common importance, till after I had seen you for the first time. Its contents, as they do not connect themselves with the explanation I proposed to give you, of parts of my conduct, I shall not now describe."

In the course of conversation, I expressed surprise that he had not sought comfort, by marrying again.

"Can you be serious?" he inquired. "After such wretched experience, what confidence could I have placed in another? I could not have done justice to virtue, had I found it. Besides, I approached an advanced period of life. A woman of my own years, would have had few attractions for me, and I should have deemed it equally cruel and foolish, to seek a young one, the poverty or the meanness of whose friends, would have been content to sacrifice her, to one

so worn by years, and so broken down by sorrow."

"But you see many instances"—

"Of sordid speculators, sacrificing their relatives—of foolish women throwing away themselves. True, I have seen many instances of the kind, and these serve me as warnings. What can be more wretched, than to see a halting old man, fiercely chasing a giddy young wife, in a fever of jealousy, the only passion which he can display in perfection, through a crowd of youthful satirists? What more ridiculous, than to see the same parties in their home, and to hear the jailer talking to his prisoner, of love and domestic happiness, his gouty foot enthroned on its velvet stool, and the tender things he undertakes to utter, for ever interrupted, by the music of his asthma."

"This is a satirical picture of occasional sickness."

"But the picture is drawn from originals whom you may have seen. I—despite of all the bitter reflections, which at times come over me, can feel admiration when I gaze on a beau-

tiful woman, but then it must be when she is surrounded by the proper elements of enjoyment, not when she is the prize of miserable wealth, but when her heart and duty lead her the same way. Yes, I can offer sincere homage to a beauty, when I see her the brilliant ornament of a circle to which she is suited, requiting rational affection, with ardent love, and blessing, blessed."

I felt that he had the best of the argument, but still attempted to make good what I had ventured to advance.

"It will not avail, my friend," said he, "to reason on this point with me. I worship nature. I love to see the lark on a sunny morning, when his notes are distinctly heard, while he himself, is but a minute speck in the bright blue sky, to which he aspires; but I turn with pain and displeasure from the same object, pent up in a narrow cage. His lay heard from his prison, has no charms for my ear."

"This, sir, with submission, I think, is being too fastidious."

“ Perhaps it is, but the feeling has ever been mine.”

“ And I certainly think you will see many men, decidedly your seniors, who are happy with very young wives.”

“ But I suspect the wives are not very happy, who can boast of such venerable husbands. No, had I experienced less of sorrow than I have known, I should have been slow to become a husband, under such circumstances, as must make my consort find her best hopes of future enjoyment, on the decline of my constitution, and expected death. I wish to act the part which nature assigns to man, in the several scenes of her varied drama. Some from the fond recollection of youthful joys, waste their latter days, in idle tantalising efforts to renew them. Not so, will I. It is my wish to provide myself now, with those ideas and habits which may become an old man, and this is as decidedly an act of common prudence, for the comfort of the mind, as the ordering of warm clothing on the approach of winter, is for that of the body.”

“Certainly,” I replied, “it is well to do so, but because age approaches, I do not see that we ought to abandon, by anticipation, our claim to the indulgences of mature life.”

“I do not say that we ought, but when time whispers the banquet is over, a prudent guest will prepare to withdraw. In my case, however, it was not necessary that I should receive a hint from decay. Calamity disqualified me from seeking pleasure. The child who is affronted, seeks to revenge himself by refusing his dinner. It is the same feeling, expanded in after life, which makes the sufferer under recent woe, averse from seeking new enjoyment.”

## CHAPTER VII.

*I feel surprise that Mr. Haversham does not publicly vindicate his character—He cautions me against love—I pay little attention to his advice—He makes me a very generous offer which I refuse to profit by.*

MUCH of what had previously appeared strange, in Mr. Haversham's conduct, was now explained to my entire satisfaction. I, however, could not but wonder, that possessed as he was of the means of showing that his wife had been alive, after the charge of murder had been preferred against him, that he had not made the facts public.

In effect, I told him this. He replied,

“Why should I take so much trouble. I have been tried and acquitted by the world's judges. I can fear no new proceedings of a penal nature, and I have no ambition to become



the object of its pity or respect. I wish but to be forgotten."

"I have not now to learn, I said, that you refuse those distinctions which others most anxiously crave. Once, I have been told, you even refused a visit from royalty."

"It is true. Babbling rumour had magnified the improvements which I had made here, into something stupendously grand. An illustrious personage, was disposed to honour me with his presence. But I did myself the violence to seem wanting in courtesy, and left the Priory for London. While the public voice still charged me with murder, it was not for me to stand in the presence of my future sovereign. I wish not to be brought into notice. I have, indeed, one reason for preferring the retirement I seek, and for coveting the oblivion I crave, which connects itself with matters of which you are not at present informed."

Here a servant entered with letters. He occupied himself with them, and did not return to the subject on which he had seemed about to speak, I tried to lead him to it but without success.

Notwithstanding what he had said, I felt rather surprised that he should be content to suffer calumnies, like those which I knew were in circulation, to remain uncontradicted. For my own part, I secretly resolved to do him justice, by stating the fact, that his wife had been seen alive after his trial. In this, as on many other occasions, he seemed to read my thoughts, for before I had had any chance of doing what I contemplated, he laid his strong injunctions on me, not to disclose that fact in any imaginable case.

The confidence which Mr. Haversham had reposed in me, entitled him, so it struck me, to know as much of my history as he was disposed to hear. He rather invited such disclosures, and occasionally appeared curious to know what had been my former plans of life.

I told him with great frankness, what my course had been. When I mentioned the acquaintance I had formed with Adela, his look was unusually severe. To me, it conveyed an idea, that his feeling was, that after what he had told me of the faithlessness of woman, I ought

to have had more sense than to retain that attachment which I did not scruple to avow.

“ You should be careful,” said he. “ The snare of beauty is most formidable to youth. Nothing on earth is so powerful as its influence, yet few things are more transient. If you pursue it for purposes of lust, brief exultation will be followed by suffering and remorse.”

I interrupted him, to give him my solemn assurance, that I had never had any improper views on Adela.

“ Still,” said he, “ it appears to me that your conduct may be most unwise. You might find many opportunities of getting forward in life, which would be withdrawn from you if you became a husband.”

“ But,” I said, “ there are few advantages which I would not most cheerfully resign, to obtain so great a good.”

“ You speak with reference to the beauty of your mistress. Guard yourself against its intoxicating influence.”

“ No, sir, I speak of mental excellence, of gentleness, superior talent, and sincerity of heart.”

“ These are high qualities, I grant, but I suspect your opportunities for knowing them have not been many. From such an acquaintance as you have with them, supposing any chance, the thing may not strike you as very likely ; but supposing you should find yourself on a sudden in the possession of great wealth, would you throw that, and yourself, away, on this young female, whose connections do not appear to be more than barely respectable.”

“ Certainly, sir,” I replied, “ had I a fortune I would not for an instant hesitate.”

“ Beware of youth’s delusion. I have seen the ecstasies of young persons. Often have I pitied the lovely fools, while I marked the burning ardour of their attachment, and reflected on what was to follow. Too seldom has the result baffled my expectation. Coldness, jealousy, and strife, have generally succeeded, till the parties craved separation, quite as much, as once they had coveted union. Such are the wretched fruits of passion, of sensual passion, I speak.”

“ But I, sir, should find in Adela, a friend,—

a friend, whom, in the absence of all beauty, I could reverence and admire."

"This is a cheat. Between men, friendship is not very enduring. With women it is short lived, and between men and women its existence is still more precarious. The coral lip and the sparkling eye, give sudden life and strength, to attachments formed between the sexes; feverish desire follows; and not unfrequently, treachery and despair furnish the melancholy sequel."

"You look on life, sir, generally, with no favourable eye."

"That is true. All life's affairs seem to me badly administered."

"All, sir!"

"Even so. The world is ever in its infancy. Ignorance and audacity, preside over its destinies. The few men who are endowed with fine governing faculties, by the time their worth is recognised are on the point of decay, and before the conceptions of a superior mind can be fully acted upon, it is withdrawn from us altogether, and the human race is again surrendered to the misrule of mediocrity."

But Mr. Haversham did not dwell long on these general topics. He soon returned to what immediately concerned me. On this subject, he manifested more curiosity than I had ever seen him display on any other. His inquiries as to the person, mind, and manners of Adela surprised me, but they were so obviously dictated by a benevolent anxiety for my welfare, that it was impossible for me to feel displeased. He cautioned me repeatedly, against entering into any rash engagements, and with peculiar earnestness, he recommended me not to be the slave of a handsome face, reproving with great severity that folly in man, which suffered the lover, too often, to be carried away by the tumult of the blood, to scenes of dissipation and crime, which yielded but imperfect enjoyment, and terminated in deplorable misery.

I cannot say that admonitions of this sort, had usually any great weight with me. For the most part, to use a common phrase, they "went in at one ear, and out at the other." It was, in fact, too much like the language of a parent, to command serious attention from one of my age.

Occasionally I went to town. On my return, he never failed to interrogate me with sufficient closeness, on the subject of any interview, I might have had with Adela. He remarked once, with some asperity, that I wished now to go to London more frequently than formerly, but he did not wonder that a gay and giddy girl, had more attraction for me in a dissipated city, than the society of a dull old man in solitude.

I vindicated Adela, from the charge of being gay and giddy, and denied that I was inclined to dissipation.

“ If,” said he, one day at the close of such a conversation, “ you would give me a proof that you are not to be moved by those allurements, which are the bane and the destruction of many, the opportunity now offers. Promise me to break off this foolish connection, and I pledge myself, to obtain for you an income, a permanent one, of five hundred per annum.”

This proposition took me by surprise. I confess, for some moments, I did not know what reply to make. On the one hand, I was fully awake to the charms of such an income, on

which I might securely depend, but then on the other, I could not forget the charms of Adela. Each was sufficient to command my fervent admiration, but the idea which was uppermost in my mind was this—how delightful it would be to have both! This, indeed, I was ready to mention to Mr. Haversham, when it occurred to me, that the condition—the sole condition on which I was to have the one, was, that I should renounce the other.

I did not pause long. Passion, certainly, in a great degree, dictated my answer, but I must confess it was partly prompted by an idea which flitted across my mind, that Mr. Haversham himself, would not think the better of me, if, for pecuniary considerations, I consented to abandon Adela.

“Sir,” I said, “your offer is most kind. I hope you will believe me sensible of that, but—if I may do so without offence, I beg to decline availing myself of it.”

“How!” he exclaimed with some warmth, “can you actually—seriously, mean to refuse?”

“Really, sir,” I replied, and the step being



now taken, my resolution grew stronger every moment, " I think, on reflection, you would not wish me to profit by this offer, tempting, as under other circumstances, it would be."

His surprise seemed very great.

" What—what !" said he, " can you suppose," and indignation it appeared to me, almost deprived him of speech, " can you suppose, that I have—that I only—I mean, can you think, that I offer you what I do not wish you to accept ?"

" No, sir—my meaning is this, that, on further reflection, you would see reason to condemn the unfeeling avarice, which, for any selfish advantage, could induce me to abandon a female who deserves my love, and whose affections, it has long been my object to engage."

" As you please—as you please, young man," he replied, rather impetuously, " I have no right to dictate. I only offer what—it might be well, that you should at once accept."

I still refused.

" Understand me right. Peculiar circumstances and considerations, which you cannot penetrate, or even guess at, have caused this

offer to be made. You, perhaps, flatter yourself, that the condition which accompanies it may be dispensed with. That cannot be. If you are disposed to profit by it, you must give me a pledge the most solemn, that you will see Adela no more."

"Then, sir," said I, "however reluctant I may feel in any way, to thwart your kindness, once for all, I must refuse."

"Consider; you are poor, and have little to hope for from friends. It is not yet too late. Difficulties may arise, which you do not foresee. Circumstances may, after all, make it impossible for this young female, ever to be yours. Should such prove the case, when it is too late, you may repent having refused an independence, not for her, but for nothing. You are only required to give up the chance of obtaining her. *That chance* may be of less value, than you imagine. Possibly a few short hours may annihilate it."

"Spare me, sir," I replied, rather impatiently. "On this point, I am not to be moved. Poverty, sorrow, and cruel disappointment, may

await me, but let me not forfeit all claim to self-esteem. I will not offend by further speech, but come what may, I never can renounce the attachment, which, up to this day, I have not scrupled to avow."

I felt hurt, at the severe displeasure, which I fancied was to be discerned in Mr. Haversham's countenance, and left him alone.

## CHAPTER VIII.

*I become alarmed, and unreasonably jealous—Mysterious circumstances occur, which inflame my mind more than ever—My doubts are removed, but return in greater force—I ascertain, beyond all question, that a female has been privately brought into the Priory.*

I HAVE sometimes numbered among my failings, the habit of attaching a secret and mysterious motive to every action, which appears rather extraordinary. On this occasion, I certainly perplexed myself not a little, in trying to discover the reasons, which had induced Mr. Haversham so strongly to oppose my attachment to a young lady, whom he had never seen. A certain jealous sensation of alarm was playing round my heart, which told me, notwithstanding his years, and the horror he had not unfrequently expressed for all illicit intercourse, that if he had seen Adela, I could easily have persuaded myself,

that he was disposed to be my rival. As things were, that was quite out of the question ; but I could find no tolerably plausible motive, for the singular proposition which he had taken upon himself to make.

Mr. Haversham resumed his wonted deportment. I expected to trace something of coldness, or resentment in his manner, but, in this, I was agreeably disappointed. All the kindness which had before claimed my gratitude, was again displayed. That was, to me, a consoling circumstance, as it assured me, that the course I had taken, though it might have caused momentary anger, had not upon the whole, lowered me in his estimation.

When I next went to London, which was about a week after the circumstance above described, I was in doubt whether I ought to inform Adela of what had passed, or not. To confess the truth, I was desirous that she should know the sacrifice I had made for her ; but yet, I thought it might be considered like “ blowing my own trumpet,” to tell of it myself. I did not like to do so ; but then, if I were not to

communicate what had passed, who else could do? I certainly felt that it would be a great pity, to deny her the gratification which such news must afford.

I was, therefore, puzzled how to act; for though I considered that it would indicate marvellous elevation of mind, to abstain from making it known, "if it is for ever to remain a secret," thought I, "what shall I be the better for displaying this greatness of soul after all?"

As matters fell out, whatever my decision had been, it could not have proved of immediate importance; for, on making my appearance at Mr. Hill's, I found that Adela was from home—was, in fact, gone to the country on a visit, and would remain with her friends there, for some weeks.

This intelligence was any thing but pleasing to me. I found myself disposed to be quarrelsome, but I could not exactly tell why. That Adela should leave town, was certainly that of which I had no right to complain; yet I felt it was a serious annoyance, and it ruffled my temper. Mr. Hill, too, was not visible, and I half

suspected that he had been denied. I had no reason for thinking so, yet I could not wholly dismiss the idea; and, in melancholy mood, I doggedly quitted London, to return to Mr. Haversham.

It was night, when I approached the Priory. I expected, from the lateness of the hour, to find all its inmates at rest, and doubted whether it would be well to disturb them, as, by walking a mile back, I could get a bed at the inn. I was debating this matter in my mind, when, on a sudden, I remarked a postchaise, drawn up on one side of the avenue. I looked into it, and perceived the boy who drove it, fast asleep. From this I inferred, that he had been detained some considerable time. I passed on, and now saw the lofty tower of the Priory, above the trees. Still doubtful whether I would seek admittance, I walked slowly forward, when I heard the gate close, and the voices of persons in conversation, who seemed to have issued from it. Wondering who these could be, and desiring to gain some knowledge of them from what they might say, I stepped out of the road, and passed be-

hind the spreading shrubs, by which it was bounded, which effectually screened me from observation.

I had scarcely thus concealed myself, when the persons whom I had avoided, came up. Their speech was continued, and ran thus :—

“ Yet you would not think it from his appearance, at least, I should not.”

“ No, nor from his language, generally. He is any thing, but what he seems.”

“ He is, evidently, quite delighted with her. Formerly, I have heard his passion for——”

Here the words of the stranger escaped me ; for his speech, which had, previously, been but little above a whisper, was lowered for some seconds ; and when he took his former tone, the distance precluded me from hearing a single sentence distinctly.

I was in that fretful mood about Adela, that I could almost have believed what had just been expressed within my hearing, had some relation to her. To me, it appeared remarkable, that she should leave town as she had done, for an



indefinite period, just after it had been formally proposed to me, to give up all thoughts of her. I had just listened to language, which I understood to apply to Mr. Haversham, and such as I had never heard before connected with his name, or proceedings. The persons who had left the Priory, had spoken of him as being excessively fond of some female, that is, if he were the party to whom they alluded. Now, so far as I was informed of his habits, for years before this time, he had ceased to indulge in the society of the other sex altogether. Since I had resided in the Priory, I certainly had seen no female there; not even as a visitor, had I met with one by any chance, nor had I heard of a woman making her appearance there, during my occasional absences.

Yet, how improbable—how insane the supposition, that he should, on a sudden, in advanced life, wish to renew his former habits, and take a wife, or mistress, and that, too, at the moment when he was earnestly advising me to avoid any such union, as I believed, with all the sincerity of friendship, and with a stedfast

conviction, founded on mature reflection, that he advised for the best.

If, however, a change of sentiment so extraordinary had been effected in him, what was the revolution in his mind to me, and why should I for an instant suspect, that he either knew, or wished to know Adela ? I certainly believed the beauty of Adela sufficient to captivate him or any one else, but then it was highly improbable that he had ever seen her, or if he had, that he should have become known to her, without my hearing of the circumstance before.

I found the porter at the door of his lodge, having but just let out the parties I had met. I passed to the Priory, and entered by a door in the cloisters, which was very seldom fastened. As I left the gallery, to ascend the turret, in which a chamber had been prepared for me, I perceived Mr. Haversham entering it, from the opposite side. He crossed, and I thought he saw me, but he did not speak, nor make any sign of recognition. I was too much perplexed by what had occurred on my journey, and by the conversation to which I had listened, and withal,

too much oppressed by vexation and want of rest, to feel any wish to detain him. I accordingly went to my bed, where I passed a night of sleepless sorrow, inviting all the horrid phantoms which an imagination tolerably fertile of dismal forebodings, could conjure up to pass away, or rather to lengthen out, the hours of darkness.

In the morning, Mr. Haversham received me with great kindness. He asked how I had sped on my journey, but I thought I perceived something like exultation over my disappointment, when I told him that I had not seen Adela, and while I spoke of her departure from London.

His spirits were better than usual, and he astonished me not a little, by telling me that he was about to introduce me to a lady, who had arrived at the Priory on the preceding day. I saw the expression of his face was enigmatical, but had not ventured on a guess at the solution, when he furnished it by pointing to a fine bay mare, which he had ordered to be brought for my inspection. The animal, he said, had been a very great favourite with him, but had been put aside for some time as unfit for service. Veterinary

skill had unexpectedly restored her to health, and he had destined her for me.

I received this mark of his kind attention, with infinite more delight than he could possibly have anticipated. Besides joining with him to admire the beauty of the animal, I was relieved from a weight of jealousy, which had previously tortured me. The female spoken of, in the conversation which I had heard on the night before, I was now satisfied was the bay mare, and not, as I had supposed, a woman. To his former passion for horses, the words which had startled me I was sure had referred, and not to his gallantries. It almost moved me to indulge in a burst of laughter, while I contemplated the dismal importance, with which I had invested words intrinsically of so little moment.

That, and the succeeding day I passed very pleasantly. My kind friend urged me to try my new acquaintance in a little excursion or two. He pressed this on me so earnestly, that though a little reluctant to leave him alone, I could not refuse.

The loquacious domestic, I before mentioned,

had been in the habit of rather freely expressing his sentiments on all occasions to me, since the period when I allowed him to mention what he knew relating to the death of Mrs. Haversham. He now availed himself of this privilege, and when I returned on the second evening, meeting me in the avenue, leading to the eastern entrance, began thus :—

“ Brave times, sir, I think, are returning to the Priory, since you have got a horse, and my master a lady.”

I started at this speech, as if a thunderbolt had been hurled at me. All my former misgivings returned in a moment. I eagerly inquired what he meant, and writhing with agony, compelled him to repeat his words more than once, affecting not to believe that, which, had my salvation depended on it, I knew not how to doubt.

From him I learned, that one or more females had been brought into the Priory on that night, when I unexpectedly returned from London. My informant had by chance caught a glimpse of one of them, who was lodged in the chamber next to that in which Mr. Haversham himself

slept. He described her to be a perfect beauty. I affected indifference, but asked in what respect the lady was so handsome. He described flowing ringlets, rosy cheeks, bright eyes, and a fine figure. This was enough for me, and I at once recognised Adela.

Fierce resentment filled my heart, blended with scorn, for the base dissimulation which had been practised by Mr. Haversham. I could now distinctly understand all that had puzzled me before. It had surprised me that he did not speak, when we met in the gallery on the night of my return, as I was persuaded that he had seen me. I was convinced that he had purposely avoided me then, and that the bay mare had been brought forward, for no earthly purpose, but to cause me to be frequently absent from the Priory, that I might have the less chance of detecting his hypocrisy.

It did just occur to me, that a female might have been introduced for no improper purpose, and that that female might be young and handsome, and yet not Adela. But where the mind has been once invaded by suspicion, reason and

reflection can little avail. There was one fact, which more than any thing else on earth was dreadful to me, and that fact, the evidence which I have just described, however weak it might appear to others, was almost demonstration to my mind.

In Mr. Haversham's deportment, I found a change which strengthened my suspicions, and I often discovered a latent meaning in his words, which was quite at variance with their apparent signification. I cannot exactly say what sort of conduct it was necessary for him to adopt to satisfy me. If he appeared sad, I fancied he felt shame and remorse—if cheerful, I believed it to be malicious exultation ; and if he were neither the one nor the other, but merely calm, such apathy, it so struck me then, evinced an absence of all feeling, and a heart callous to the last degree.

But was there any thing at all, in the story which I had heard ? That question I occasionally put to myself, and I determined on having it forthwith solved ; and accordingly at midnight, when all the inmates of the Priory were

supposed to be at rest, I stole from my chamber in the turret, without my shoes, crossed the gallery, and in darkness proceeded as silently as possible to the door of Mr. Haversham's bed-chamber. I listened, but heard no sound within. There was no light, and I began to think of retreating, in the conviction that no discovery could be made that night, when I perceived a light shine from the next room but one. Thither I directed my steps. A female was speaking, but in so low a tone, that I could not distinguish what was said. Mr. Haversham answered, and his reply was audible. Its tone embodied what his words expressed, tenderness and love.

While I was thus engaged, I could not help for a moment, questioning the propriety of my own conduct. I remembered that on more than one occasion, I had been eloquent on the subject of eves-droppers, and loud in my condemnation of listeners. It had then been my argument, as it was my feeling, that those who suspected any thing improper, ought at once to express what they thought, and if they did not



dare to do this, they had no right to have their doubts removed, or their fears set at rest.

But these considerations did not prevail so far, as to induce me to retire, lest I should hear what I had no right to attend to. Though under some circumstances, the action in which I was then indulging, might be mean, where an individual had so much at stake as I was persuaded that I had then, it seemed to me, not very unreasonable, to put my ear to the key-hole.

But first, it may not be improper to state, I applied my eye to that aperture, and on doing so I was enabled to see the objects of my curiosity. A young lady of elegant figure was sitting by the side of Mr. Haversham. One of her hands was clasped in his. He had thrown his right arm round her neck, so as gently to hold her to him, and her head reclined on his bosom.

## CHAPTER IX.

*I overhear Mr. Haversham speak disparagingly of young men—Am convinced that he has brought home a mistress—My attempts to get a sight of the lady are foiled—I suspect great depravity on the part of Mr. Haversham, and make a discovery which convinces me that I had not wronged him.*

SOMETHING was said by the lady, which did not reach me. Mr. Haversham replied.

“Think well of what I have said, my dear. Disinterested love is hard to find, and when found, ought to be carefully cherished.”

“Disinterested love!” I mentally exclaimed, “it is a fine thing for a man of sixty to take credit to himself, for being disinterested in love affairs!”

“There are young gay sparks,” he proceeded, “who will vow eternal love, without any intention of being faithful, and whom interest or novelty, would easily persuade, to transfer their

affections, if their wild desires merit so respectable a name, to some other object, which object in its turn would likewise be as unfeelingly abandoned."

I could hardly refrain from laughing at this attempt to cry up elderly men, such I considered it, at the expense of their juniors, and I certainly felt, that in Mr. Haversham's case, it might not be bad policy to disparage youth.

He continued—

"The love, my dearest, now offered, must prove as lasting, as it is ardent and sincere. Believe me when I say it, that my speech is prompted by fond anxiety and unutterable affection. A tear is on your eyelid. I trust it is that of grateful emotion; but yet I must put it away."

And then he kissed the lady's eyes, and I thought his kisses were returned.

A pause ensued. It was broken by Mr. Haversham.

"But the hour grows late. I will attend you to your chamber."

They rose, and were evidently about to come

forth. It was impossible for me longer to observe them without being seen. I felt too much ashamed of the part I had been acting, to wish Mr. Haversham to discover me, and was beginning to retreat, when the conversation was resumed. The female again spoke, but her voice was so subdued, that I could distinguish nothing but a low murmur.

“We will rise early in the morning,” said Mr. Haversham, in answer to her, “and then, when nobody is stirring, we can promenade the gallery for half an hour, or walk on the lawn without any chance of meeting *him*.”

They approached the door, and it would evidently have been folly to delay my retreat, unless I had resolved on discovering myself. I therefore descended as fast as I could, without making a noise. As I withdrew, I heard them pass from the room, in which they had been sitting, to the nearest chamber, the door of which immediately closed.

My agitation, which was great before, had been infinitely augmented by the last words which were uttered. “We can walk without

any risk of meeting *him*," still rung in my ears. "Of whom could they speak ! of whom on earth but me !" I repeatedly exclaimed. "It must be so !" I went on, with the energy of conviction, "but they shall find that there is some risk of meeting the wretch, they are so anxious to avoid."

While reciting the above soliloquy, I walked backwards and forwards in my chamber, which I had regained, and occasionally stamped on the floor, in good tragic style. The indignation and distress which I experienced, had the effect of turning my mind into a small armoury, and daggers and pistols were offering themselves, as it were, to my choice every moment. I had some thoughts of sending Mr. Haversham a challenge, but then I suspected that the difference in our fortunes, would relieve him from the necessity of accepting it, and consequently was afraid, that that plan, would not answer my purpose. My next idea, was to procure a dagger, meet the objects of my wrath, when they least expected it, and finish my misery by an act of suicide. This, I really thought, would be

both original and genteel, and I only regretted that I could not provide myself with the weapon I wanted that night. I thought of substituting a carving knife for the dagger, but on reflection, it appeared to me, that the use of such an undignified instrument would spoil all.

I was a little consoled for the absence of the weapon I craved, that night, by the reflection that as yet I had not positive proof that it was Adela whom I had seen with Mr. Haversham. True it was, that I had heard that person, after describing himself to me as one in whom the passion of love was dead, pouring out his whole soul in tender protestations, (this was the way in which I mentally characterised what I had heard,) of love and fidelity, but I had not been able to get at the lady's name, nor as yet to identify her person. Mr. Haversham was a hypocrite—a wretched lewd hypocrite—to this I had quite made up my mind, but still I could not help asking myself, ought I to condemn Adela, while there was a possibility of doubting her presence in the Priory, and even the fact of her being known to Mr. Haversham?

I ran no risk of oversleeping myself. Though I threw myself on my bed, and wished to allay the fever which consumed me by means of a few hours repose, I wished for it in vain. The belief that I had seen Adela receive and return the caresses of Mr. Haversham, still haunted my imagination, heated my blood, and almost turned my brain.

The first gleam of light was scarcely seen, when I silently descended to the gallery in which Mr. Haversham had proposed to walk with his female companion, at a time when he expected they could be met by no one. It was still so dark, that had the parties I desired to meet, waited there, it would have been impossible to distinguish their features. I did not expect their early approach, but I was resolved to be time enough for them at all events.

As I walked through that spacious apartment, I recalled the sensations of awe, with which I had formerly contemplated its vast proportions, and the numerous recesses which it presented, and which a romantic mind, could so easily people with robbers and assassins, and recognised in

the dark but fiery thoughts, of which my heart was now the receptacle, feelings not ill calculated to give that murderous interest to the edifice, of which I was an inhabitant, which I had once sportively surmised, might belong to it.

I had been watching for an hour and a half, without seeing any one, when I thought I heard footsteps. Hastily stepping into one of the window recesses, I drew the crimson curtains so as completely to screen myself from observation, leaving a small aperture, through which I expected to see whoever came near sufficiently well, to decide whether or not the suspicions which had racked me, were, or were not, well founded.

Thus ensconced, I continued to watch for Mr. Haversham and Adela, nearly half an hour, when I heard the shutting of a door, and it instantly occurred to me, that the parties I was so anxious to behold had passed to the lawn. Determined that they should not escape me, I left my hiding place, and hastily directed my steps towards the door by which I concluded they had made their exit, but had not reached



it, when Mr. Haversham entered from the staircase leading to his chamber, and was close to me, before I had any idea of his being at hand.

“ So early Godfrey,” said he, “ I did not expect you would rise so soon.”

I accounted for my being there, by saying I had found myself unable to sleep, and thought it better to walk, than to remain in bed, such being the case.

“ You are quite right,” said he. “ When the body is restless, nothing tends so directly to enable it to enjoy repose, as exercise. You do well to walk, but you will do still better to ride. Mount your horse, and ride ten or a dozen miles.”

I should once have thought this very kind, but I now only recognised an anxious wish to get rid of me, under the pretext of advising me to seek health.

I however thanked him, but told him, that I did not feel disposed to ride.

It was quite clear that this answer occasioned

him some embarrassment. He eyed me for a minute or two, I thought suspiciously.

“ Few patients,” he remarked, “ are well disposed towards the remedy which may be suggested to them. However, in this case, my prescription is so simple and so safe, that I feel half inclined to insist upon your taking it.”

I again begged to be excused from going out, unless indeed, he had any occasion for my services abroad.

“ Quite the contrary,” he replied. “ But that I thought it would be unkind to ask it, I should have desired your assistance here.”

“ I know that to be a falsehood,” said I to myself, and then I said to him—“ If that be the case, sir, here will I remain. In what manner can I be of use ?”

“ Have the kindness,” said he, “ to make a fair copy of this statement of the cost and presumed value, of this my half worn-out hobby, the Priory. My pothooks and hangers are often so ill made, that I am puzzled to decipher them myself. It will not take you long,

and I shall really be obliged, if you will step to your own room and do it now."

I assented, but in my heart I cursed the base artifice, which, foiled in the first instance by my refusing to ride, had now hit upon this scheme for getting me out of the way.

Up stairs I went, and began my task. I wrote a few lines, and then I stalked across the apartment feeling as vehemently enraged, and looking almost as black as *Othello*. Much I wished for an excuse to descend, and surprise the pair, whose presumed guilt gave me such pain, but I could devise none. My indignation was too great to give my invention any thing like a fair chance, and after bestowing a blow or two on my head for its barrenness, I resumed the labour which had been so unexpectedly imposed upon me.

Not long had I been thus engaged, when I came to a phrase which I could not very well make out. This at once suggested a reason for waiting on Mr. Haversham. I returned to the gallery in the confident expectation of accom-

plishing my purpose—of seeing my first fear confirmed, or of setting it for ever at rest.

Disappointment and mortification, again awaited me. In my eagerness to surprise Mr. Haversham and his friend, whoever she might be, I made a false step, which, as is commonly the case, led to another, and a noisy fall down eight or ten stairs, followed, before I could recover my feet. On hearing my approach thus announced, Mr. Haversham came towards me as if for the purpose of offering assistance, but really, as I believed, to prevent my entering the gallery, before the lady who was his companion, had effected her escape. When I did reach it, she was no longer there, and I thought I heard a light step retiring as we advanced.

With what indignant scorn did I look on my patron, while he represented himself to have come forward merely to assist me, while, as I was thoroughly satisfied, it was wholly to answer a purpose of his own! How despicable a man looks, thought I, while dissembling his true purpose, and then I told Mr. Haversham

that I had sought him because I could not read a part of his letter, which by the bye I might soon have deciphered, without appealing to him.

“ You need not proceed with this,” said he. “ On consideration, to-morrow will do as well. I do not wish,” he added, “ for a moment to disturb your mind, but may I revert to the subject of our late conversation. You know to what I allude.”

I made a slight inclination of the head, to signify that I understood him.

“ Will you,” said he, “ allow me to inquire if you adhere to the resolution which you then avowed ?”

“ *If*,” said I, “ Adela continues such as I have hitherto known her, no pecuniary benefit can influence my mind, or change my decision.”

“ Forgive me if I again intrude an opinion. I really am fearful that a passion for beauty, rather than just reflection sways your conduct. Once more I say beware. The joy which beauty yields is at best short, and often frightfully alloyed. What we dote on sometimes destroys

us. The learned tell, that the sweetest flowers contain venom, and kill with their perfume."

"Beauty, sir," I replied, "is often decried, but those who affect to value it least, are sometimes most the slave to it."

There I thought I gave him a well merited rub.

"That," he remarked, "is to suppose a degree of hypocrisy, which for the honour of our common nature, I should hope is not often found."

"I should hope so too," I answered, "yet I know a case, in which an individual of studious, not to say austere habits, will preach against sensuality all day, and on closing his lecture, fly to the arms of a blooming mistress."

"There is indeed," he remarked with a sigh, "that wretched defect in some constitutions, which, where years and habits seem to fortify the heart against the weaknesses of youth, betrays their wretched owners into the most deplorable excesses. Than such a man, I know not a more pitiable object."

"But at the same time detestable," I added.

“It is really sickening when age, reverend in appearance, can thus degrade itself; and I know not the language which could adequately describe the thorough paced dissembler, who can serenely pass from sternly decrying intemperance, to revel in profligate enjoyment. He deserves the thanks of mankind, who drags the vice of such a stalking moralist, and skulking sinner, into day.”

“There I must differ from you,” said he. “I have known not a few persons who considered great crimes in others, to furnish a sort of excuse or license for smaller aberrations of their own. Besides, I think the best of us must feel, that if *all* his secret doings were brought to light, he would have much to blush for. Ought we not then to practise that forbearance towards others, which we cannot but feel, we stand in need of for ourselves.”

The manner in which Mr. Haversham pleaded for toleration and concealment, in such cases, did any thing but remove the suspicions which I had conceived. Looking at the whole of his conduct in this affair, I found ample evidence

of the most contemptible trickery. Detesting the mode in which he attempted to conceal his real proceedings, I did not disdain to deceive him with respect to mine, and on his again recommending an excursion, I told him I would act on his advice, and try what a two days journey would effect for me. Saying this to him, and taking my departure accordingly, I secretly resolved to set back again, by break of day on the following morning, when I expected that he and the female inhabitant of the Priory, would be likely to avail themselves of my supposed absence, to promenade the park.

This scheme I carried into effect. Before break of day I stationed myself in the grand western avenue. The morning proved bright and cloudless, and the smiling aspect of the park was most inviting. The sun had not long risen, when those I expected walked forth. Mr. Haversham stepped back on a sudden, as if for something which he had forgotten, and the lady advanced towards the spot where I stood concealed from view by the trunk of an aged oak. Determined not lose this oppor-



tunity of satisfying myself, if my fears were well founded, I abruptly presented myself before the object of my attention. Doubt was no more ; I found that I had not erred as to the person. It was indeed Adela.

## CHAPTER X.

*I set off for London, but fleeced by an innkeeper on the road, want cash to enable me to finish my journey—A remarkable piece of good fortune, causes me to witness a very extraordinary outrage.*

It would not be in good keeping, if I were to give here a fine description of the horror and miserable anguish, which came over me in that moment which brought with it the fatal confirmation of all I dreaded. Such details are well enough in a romance, but would not suit the homespun thread of a plain matter-of-fact narrative, like mine.

Not but I really felt as much grief and rage, as any hero of play or novel ever expressed, but I had not that command of elegant language, and beautiful metaphors, which so notably serve them on grand occasions. Instead of

doing any thing in that way, I was as mute as if I had ceased to include such an article as a tongue, in the catalogue of my personal property, and instead of throwing myself into a graceful and interesting attitude, I remained fixed to the spot as stiff as a poker, my right arm held up, and my left hand pointing to the ground, so that a side view of my figure thus displayed, would have given a very tolerable idea of the letter k turned upside down.

And Adela did not act the heroine much better. Startled at my abrupt apparition, she bobbed back, as abruptly as a village milk-maid might be expected to do, on finding herself plump in the way of the rector, on turning a corner. Then recognising me, she stared with amazement, and looked as if about to advance, in the expectation, after all that had passed, of a civil or an affectionate greeting.

I had remained in the posture I have described, steady as a well educated pointer who has discovered the game, till I saw, or thought I saw, that Adela was on the point of coming to me. Then it was, that I felt myself forced to

act. Expressions of reproach, rage, contempt, anguish and pity, were all on their road to my tongue, but the crowd seemed to block up the way, and none advanced sufficiently to obtain utterance, and excepting the exclamation "Oh!" groaned, if I avail myself of the dignified common place, but growled, if I prefer the fitting and the correct description, was all that I could accomplish, while turning away from Adela as suddenly as I had advanced, I commenced a precipitate retreat.

Mr. Haversham I resolved to break with on the instant. That his punishment might be as prompt, as I intended it to be severe, I determined not to remain another day, nor even another hour in his house. I felt that he richly merited this mark of my resentment.

I fled, resolved to leave the Priory, not knowing nor caring whither I directed my steps, so I escaped from that scene and that object, which had once been lovely, but which had now become so intolerably hateful to my view.

Accidentally I directed my steps to the inn at which I had been set down on my last return

from London. My portmanteau, which I had left there, had not been forwarded to the Priory. I desired that it might be sent to me, in town, by the coach which would pass in the evening, and I put Mr. Mason's address on it. For myself, I could not bear the idea of resting there, till the vehicle should arrive. It was misery to think of remaining so many hours within sight of the Priory, and I accordingly went forward on foot, taking, I could not exactly tell why, the London road.

Grief and indignation, though not recognised by medical men, as great friends to the human constitution, if they possess no nourishing qualities, have, at least, the effect of making the party with whom they take up their abode, insensible to the common wants of life. On the day of which I am speaking, they served me for meat and drink, and at a late hour, after walking many miles, I was surprised, on recollection, to find that I had passed a whole day without taking food, and yet felt no inconvenience from hunger. I experienced fatigue, and was not indisposed to make an attempt to

get some respite from anguish, by seeking sleep. I therefore entered a respectable looking house, and having ascertained that I could be accommodated, determined to remain there that night.

When asked if I would take supper, rather from an apprehension that it was expected I should do so, I answered in the affirmative, and part of a boiled leg of mutton was set before me. It was put on a large dish, and surrounded with parsley. Pickled cucumbers, and French beans were also placed on the table, together with some fried potatoes. I helped myself sparingly to the meat, which in due time was removed, and about an ounce of stale apple pye was introduced. A morsel of this, I transferred to my plate, but soon found its quality was such that it required a more vigorous appetite than I could boast of, even when not out of health, and out of humour, as I was then, to relish it, and I dismissed it. A mountain of Cheshire cheese next made its appearance, with a suite of radishes, and this closed the list of eatables, none of which had visibly diminished after

being set before me, up to the time of their removal.

To induce sleep, I took a glass of brandy and water, before I retired to my bed, but it had not the desired effect. I tried to shake off the wretched regret which oppressed me. I repeated Sheridan's lines

“ I ne'er could any lustre see  
In eyes that would not look on me;”

and also those of an earlier writer.

“ If she be not fair to me,  
What care I how fair she be ?”

But I could no more attain indifference, than I could resign myself to sleep, and after a night of dreadful agitation, I arose feverish in body, and desponding in mind.

Breakfast was brought for me, as soon as I came down stairs. I forced myself to take some that I might not subject myself to particular observation.

Unresolved how to act, I felt heavy and lethargic, and not considering where I was, I suffered a good part of the day to elapse, with-

out having adopted any plan for the future regulation of my conduct. It was 'asked what I would take for dinner, and with the same feeling which had influenced me when breakfast was produced, I named a mutton chop. This was furnished with a great deal of parade. A half dirty towel was placed on one side of my plate, with a three-pronged iron fork, silvered over, and indented so as to give some idea of the Goldsmith's Hall mark. One waiter brought in two chops, under a cover; a second, ushered in a like number of potatoes; and a third, came with part of a summer cabbage. I began to think that I should be expected to pay for this beggarly pomp, and having signified that it was my intention to go by the stage, I called for my bill.

I certainly suspected that I should not have any reason to plume myself on my economy, in remaining at this inn, but was, nevertheless, unprepared for such a charge as was made. My bill came to thirty shillings; I considered it a very ingenious performance. Dinner was charged, and then, vegetables made a separate item;



and the word "tart" appeared, attended by two shillings and sixpence, in commemoration of the mouldy pie, on which I had made an attempt the night before. An equally edifying notice, was supplied in honour of a similar article, which had been exhibited on that day, but which I had not been brave enough to assail. The same ingenious talent, was exerted under the head "breakfast;" and besides the price put against that item, there were separate specifications for beef and eggs, which, perhaps, had been brought in sight, but of which I had not tasted.

In my haste to leave the Priory, I had not thought of taking with me the cash which I had by me; and, of course, the idea of claiming what I might have considered due to me, was equally remote from my thoughts. I, therefore, found this demand cut very deep into my present means, and gave me the first idea of pecuniary inconvenience, which had occurred to me since my mind had been so violently agitated on account of Adela.

But my punishment was not yet complete;

for when I had paid the penalty imposed on me for trespassing on this worthy victualler's habitation, on asking how long it would be before the stage came up, I was informed, with an ill smothered laugh, that it had been gone by some time. I dissembled my mortification, but, in my heart, I cursed the villainous spirit of depredation, which had thus plotted to detain me.

How to move forward, I knew not ; for, besides that, I had to learn the way, the distance which I had to travel, was more than fifty miles.

If, on the one hand, I was at a loss how to get to London, on the other, I was puzzled to know how I could manage to remain where I was ; for I had little more than a guinea remaining, which I feared would prove insufficient for the expenses of the next four and twenty hours, unless I contrived to escape from the place in which I found myself.

While I was thus ruminating, I heard the approach of a wheeled carriage. It struck me, that this might be some vehicle by which I

might get forwarded, though it was not the regular stage. The landlord happening just then to enter, I questioned him on the subject, but he assured me, that there was nothing that would suit me, to be had.

“ However,” said he, “ as you are so very anxious to be going, there is, to be sure, an elegant little carriage—a fly, we call it, which I could fit out, and take you to Andover, which is about twelve miles from this, where you would be sure to meet with stages going to London ;—that, if you wish it, shall be done.”

I was willing to do any thing that promised to get me out of the awkward situation in which I found myself there, and was, consequently, ready to entertain this proposition. My host demanded fifteen shillings for the accommodation which he had described ; and this, he assured me, was a marvellously reasonable demand, for, besides occupying his man, who would drive, he himself must go with it, as the horse which he should put to, belonged to a gentleman, to whom he had given his word, that

it should never go out of his sight, though he was at the entire expense of keeping it, for the present.

Though I did not wish for the luxury of such society, yet of course I could not think of desiring a conscientious person like this, to break his word, and so made no objection to his going with me. I haggled about the price, but with very little success, as all that I could gain from him was the abatement of one shilling ; for besides the expenses necessarily attached to horse, man and vehicle, he reminded me that the government, on whose cruel exactions he bestowed a curse, required a ticket for the post-horse duty, which would cost three shillings, and another on his return, if he should not pass the gate before midnight, which, as he was bound, in honour, to allow the horse time to rest from his journey, was almost impossible.

We set off, and he seemed disposed to be extremely sociable. He proposed, that we should "take something together," at every inn we saw. I excused myself for some time, by saying I could enjoy nothing yet. Besides, having no

taste for liquor, I had no wish to be over cordial with him ; and a still more formidable objection opposed itself to that good fellowship, for which the innkeeper was so zealous an advocate, in the then state of my pocket. I had been reduced to the necessity of calculating shillings, and found I had not enough left to pay for riding all the way to London, and was therefore resolute not to waste any portion of the trifle that remained to me, by drinking with my companion.

But as we proceeded he became more importunate, and at length directed a new stoppage, and ordered an eighteen-penny glass of brandy and water, remarking, I could settle for that, and he would pay for the next. I thought it of no use to mince the matter, and flatly told him that I must decline the honour he designed for me, as, not to conceal the truth, I found myself almost wholly without cash, and could not, however well disposed, do what he suggested.

When I commenced the explanation, my companion was holding the glass towards me, and pressing me to drink. When I finished, he suddenly drew back his hand, looked stedfastly

in my face, and then swallowed more than half of the brandy and water. He again stared at me, and emptied the glass. His next movement was to sit as far from me as the side of the vehicle would permit, and while making this arrangement, he prudently brought the skirts of his coat over his trowsers, so as to secure the pockets of the last mentioned garment.

Arrived at our journey's end, he did not offend me by any new familiarities. Indeed, during the latter part of our ride, he had been most respectfully silent. He satisfied himself before I had time to withdraw, that whatever property he had brought from home, still remained in his possession, and with a slight bow, which seemed to say, "any thing is good enough for a pennyless customer," he left me to shift for myself.

While I stood sauntering in the street, wishing that the stage might come up, unwilling to subject myself to a new expense by entering, and yet ashamed of the poverty, which I thought was betrayed by my lingering where I was, my attention happened to rest on the gentleman's horse,

for whose welfare my late landlord had been so singularly anxious, and really when I saw what a lean, broken-down jade had been drawing me, I was astonished that even fraud and impudence like his, could venture so serenely on the bare-faced falsehood which he had told.

I was still moralising on the intrepid roguery, of which I had been the dupe, when the driver of a stage-coach, who was waiting for one of the expected arrivals to take his turn on the box, came up to the hostler, who was then in the act of removing the animal from between the shafts, convulsed with laughter, and before I could walk away, though I had begun to withdraw, he mentioned that old Peggy had been well worked that evening, as Mr. Clutch, wanting a ride himself, had gammoned some flat into paying more than full price for the *return* fly, and allowed him to be a passenger into the bargain.

I was rather nettled at finding myself so completely swindled, but the arrival of the stage prevented my taking any notice of it. I now opened a negociation with the coachman, on the

subject of the transfer of my person to the metropolis. He demanded fifteen shillings, and after what I have already stated, it need hardly be added, I was in no condition to close with him on such terms.

It appeared to me that I had no alternative but to walk, and I set off with such an air of resolution, as carried conviction to the driver of the stage, that I was really in earnest. He followed me, and inquired what I would give. I told him that happening to be short of cash for the moment, I could only spare five shillings for my coach. He in the end, offered to take that sum, on condition that I should not get on the coach till it was fairly out of the town, and that I should leave it when within seven or eight miles of London. I agreed, though aware that this arrangement was proposed to keep me out of the way-bill, that the driver might put the cash into his own pocket.

By virtue of this agreement, I was in due time dismissed from the vehicle at Brentford, and the coach went forward.

Though my mind was far from being tranquil,



though Adela still pressed on my thoughts, I found leisure to reflect that I was now destitute of money, and that to get to London by midnight, I must exert my pedestrian faculties, without loss of time.

I began to do so, but had not advanced many steps, when I kicked something before me. I stooped and felt about, for it was now dark, and found a pocket-book. I walked along the town till I came to a shop which was well lighted, when I examined my prize, and perceived three five pound Bank of England notes. Not all my despair on account of what had recently occurred, could suffice to prevent my feeling something like satisfaction, at beholding so much money once again in my possession. I paused for a moment, and silently asked whether I should be justified in making use of what I had found. I soon came to a resolution, that I had a right to what fortune had thrown in my way. It however occurred to me, that lawyers and magistrates professed to hold a different opinion. Then, I reflected what an awkward thing it would be, if one or more of the notes, should be traced

to me, and contemplating the exposure and inconvenience which would follow, I began to feel most virtuously disposed, and resolved at any rate, if not to save my own conscience, at all events to make a decent show of honesty, that I would not proceed to the metropolis, till I had made some inquiry about the owner of the pocket-book and its contents.

I entered one of the principal inns, having made up my mind to pay any expenses which I might incur by going there, out of the God-send. At first I thought of asking, if any thing of the kind was known to have been lost, but suspecting that some false claimant might start up, I deferred doing so till the morning, but cunningly drew the waiter first, and afterwards the landlord, into conversation as to the state of the roads. From this topic I digressed into inquiries respecting the police, and I asked if any thing particular had been lost in that neighbourhood lately, through robbers, or in any other way.

The answers I got were common-place, but though I wished such to be the character of my questions, I observed that both master and man

stared at me more than once, as if my style of questioning was singular. This induced me to desist. If any one here have lost what I have found, thought I, it is twenty to one but something will be said on the subject in my presence.

Nothing transpired that night. Between eleven and twelve, I was shown to a chamber. I was not at all inclined to sleep, but employed myself in more closely examining the pocket-book which I had found, and its contents. There were several letters and memoranda, which I thought myself at liberty to read, but these did not make me acquainted with the name of their late owner.

It was now two o'clock in the morning, and, lover as I was, I found myself getting drowsy. I was considering whether or not I should undress, and was on the point of deciding, that I would not, by falling asleep with my clothes on, when a tremendous noise on the stairs, made me start with astonishment. I heard a confused volley of oaths, followed by a plunge, as if one or two persons had fallen down stairs, and then came the cry of "murder!" which was repeated in a

tone so subdued, that I began to think murder was really being committed.

I rushed out of the room, but could see nothing. Having returned for my candle, and again reached the landing, I distinctly heard a groan. Shrieks of murder in the same moment burst from more than one apartment. I was in doubt which way to turn, but at length descended the stairs, where I saw the landlord lying on his back, attempting to give an alarm, and weltering in his blood.

## CHAPTER XI.

*I pursue the robbers, and get apprehended myself, as one of them—Strong circumstances appear against me, and I am committed to Newgate, where I become an object of great contempt—Mr. Scampo defends me, and the result is what might be expected.*

It was quite clear that a murderous attack had been made on the poor man; and perceiving those, who, I doubted not were the perpetrators of the crime, about to quit the house, I sprang furiously forward, leaving the sufferer to the care of the other inmates, who now began to issue from their several apartments, with shrieks of horror, and fearfully varied exclamations of alarm.

The cry of “murder” had reached the street, and a mail-coach, then passing, had already stopped opposite the inn. I had just emerged from the door, when I saw those I believed to be

the robbers, a few paces before me. I fiercely pursued them, but a hole in the footway caused me to stumble, and, before I had recovered myself, I was seized by the collar. At first, I supposed myself to be detained by an accomplice, who wished to prevent the execution of my purpose, and with that belief, I bestowed on my assailant a blow, which felled him to the earth. The guard of the mail, the coachman, and a passenger, were now at hand. They united to secure me, and no explanation which I was then in a state to give, could satisfy them as to the true object of my exertions. To them it was quite evident, that I wished to make my escape, and that, they were resolute to prevent.

It was in vain that I attempted to make them understand, that, losing time by detaining an innocent person, was favouring the retreat of the real offenders. Reproaches were lavished on me, and I was dragged back to the house. Here I appealed to the landlady, and expected my quality would, by her means, be at once satisfactorily established. I was miserably disappointed, and it was plain, either, that she

understood not the call which I had made on her, or was any thing but satisfied that I had no concern in the outrage.

It was then that I recognised my late host, Mr. Clutch, and to him I unhesitatingly appealed for the rectitude of my character. Than this, nothing could possibly have been more unfortunate. His nose was still bleeding, and one eye was nearly closed, by the blow which he had received from my hand ; for he it was who had first seized me. I had afterwards an opportunity of learning, that when he cozened me out of the charge he thought proper to make for the return fly, he had no intention of returning to his own home, as he pretended, but was in reality, like myself, on the way to London. The mail, in which he took his place some hours after our parting, happened to reach Brentford just as the alarm was given, and he, and his fellow-travellers, alighted in time, to let the thieves escape, and to secure their pursuer.

“ O yes,” said Mr. Clutch, in reply to my address to him, “ know you ! yes, I believe I do know you—I’ve reason to know you ! I

thought what you were, when you told me you had no money. Yes, yes, I know you, and have no doubt of your being the thief."

The wrath with which I was repelled, carried conviction to the minds of all present, that it was impossible for their worst suspicions to do me wrong ; and, instead of troubling me for any further explanations, they continued to breathe the most galling taunts, and to descant on the enormity of my crime.

Before the inn was restored to any thing like tranquillity, the night was far advanced ; and it was deemed unnecessary to remove me then, as, by waiting an hour or two longer, one trouble would be made to serve for all, and I could be carried straight to London.

It was found, that the landlord, though severely wounded, was in no immediate danger. The ruffians, who had attempted to rob the house, on being discovered, had tried to cut his throat, and had succeeded in wounding him, but had not severed the windpipe.

In due time, a caravan made its appearance, and attended by a couple of constables, some of



the witnesses who were to give evidence against me, and several hangers on of the inn, who followed from curiosity, I set out for the metropolis, amidst the yells and hisses of an indignant crowd.

A minute account of what passed at the police office, would, perhaps, be found tedious in this place, and I shall, therefore, content myself with a general description.

As I had no wish to see a repetition of the witticisms, which were formerly published at the expense of Julius Cæsar, I determined on giving a name which was not mine, and accordingly called myself Charles Bainbridge. I expected to be liberated as soon as I had told my story, but, to my great astonishment, so strong a case, in the opinion of the magistrate, was made out against me, that he felt it to be his duty at once to commit me for trial. I felt like one thunderstruck, at finding a variety of circumstances, in themselves of small importance, converted into very plausible proofs of guilt.

I was committed to Newgate, and had not my spirit been previously broken, I should, per-

haps, have felt the hardship of my lot more acutely than I did ; but the mortification which I had lately sustained, much abated the anxiety and alarm which, but for these, I should certainly have experienced. The ordinary, when he first addressed me, was of opinion, that I was by no means properly awake to the “ awful situation in which I stood,” though he certainly had no reason to complain, that I was not sufficiently dejected.

My grief was, in fact, so profound, that I was wholly incapable of disguising it. The rabble with whom I was associated, treated my want of “ pluck,” as they termed it, with incessant derision. “ The chop-fallen swell,” as they were pleased to designate me, was, in their eyes a very contemptible object. Many of my companions, could accost the officers of the prison with a degree of freedom only to be tolerated in old acquaintances, and looking about them, with a consequential air, they sometimes threw on me a glance of supercilious pity, which seemed to say, “ that poor wretch knows nobody to whom he can speak, while we are, in a

manner quite at home." Nothing but the fact of my being about to be tried for a capital offence, entitled me to the slightest consideration.

My forlorn situation, moved at last the compassion of a person of considerable importance there. This was Jeremiah Wildfire, who had been a most eminent and daring burglar for some years. He condescended to overlook the circumstance of my being only a beginner, and pointed out to me the folly of being low spirited.

"Though," said he, "you were never at *college* before, and of course have no right, to expect me to speak to you, as an old acquaintance, yet as I suppose you and I shall have to *go out* together some morning, I wonder you can be such a sap for to take on in this here sort of way. Vy, you fool, snivelling won't do no good."

I replied I had no expectation that it would, and was not aware that I had been guilty of the weakness to which he had alluded.

"Vy," said he, "I don't mean to say that

you blubber out, but you are always sulky and sorry, and what the hell's the use of it?"

I assured him it was not my wish to disturb him, but I thought that my present situation, justified some depression.

"Pooh! nonsense, you fool! It's no worse for you than it is for another, then don't bother, because you have got to go to sleep with your ears full of *Cotton*."

This I did not understand at first, but I subsequently learned that it was a cant allusion to the ordinary, whose name was Cotton, and who attended the malefactors executed in the Old Bailey in their last moments.

"It's no use going on about it," my comforter proceeded. "Ve must all one day or another come in for a *drop too much*, and after all, *scragging* is nothing when you are used to it."

And then he went on with a string of wretched jests, some of which I could not understand, on death, religion, and the Bible, exhorting me from time to time, to imitate him, that my *pals* might have to say of me that I was *game* to the last, and had died like a man.

All this condescension and philosophy did not have the effect of raising my spirits. Though I could not discover that I had much happiness to hope for in life, yet to perish by a violent and ignominious death, did not appear to me, a fit subject for levity.

I therefore continued as gloomy, and as reserved as I had previously been, and was laughed at accordingly.

My friend, Mr. Wildfire, recommended me to the attorney, who had assisted him in his examinations, and who was then preparing his defence. This was not necessary, as I had been long known to Mr. Scampo, and who volunteered his services. He now reproved me for having neglected his former advice, which would have led me into a safe course of crime, but he talked over the present business with great pleasantry, and said my affair was a bagatelle,—was nothing at all to some of the cases which he had at that moment on his hands.

He hinted to me, that before doing any thing towards getting me off, he must be paid, “ for

you know," said he with a significant leer, "we cannot trust in our little way, as some of you gentlemen might forget the matter altogether, after the *recorder has reported*."

This delicate touch was exactly what might be expected from a gentleman of his feeling. In candour I must admit, that any one, guilty or innocent, who acted on his advice, was in some danger of forgetting all earthly concerns, I mean in those cases, where all the powers of Mr. Scampo's mind, and all his legal knowledge, were zealously exerted to save.

I did not scruple to tell the attorney, that I, was not in a condition to answer the call which had been made on me, being absolutely without money.

This announcement produced a striking change in his manner. He pursed up his mouth, lowered his eyebrows, and bestowing upon me a scowl which would have been awfully fiendish, if it had not been in some degree modified by the ludicrous insignificance of the remaining features which contributed to form his

truly unmeaning visage, he disdainfully turned away, so as plainly to intimate that if I had no money, I might be hanged for what he cared.

But he soon returned to me, in consequence of new information which he had received. On giving a volley of Billingsgate to his client the burglar, for sending him where there was no *bustle*, Mr. Wildfire told him that I had had fifteen pounds taken from me at the police office, for which no owner had been found. This altered the case completely. The surly bear, became a cringing baboon, and Mr. Scampo undertook to get *my* property for me, without delay.

And in this case he bestirred himself with some effect. On the next day but one, his partner, Mr. Magpye, handed me a five pound note, and told me the other ten would be forthcoming. I inquired if they had been given up to Mr. Scampo, but to this Mr. Magpye, who was one of the most supercilious asses I ever encountered, replied with great official dignity, that he was not authorised to make any communication, but that of which he had just deli-

vered himself. What ultimately became of the money which I had found, I have not yet been able to ascertain, and am afraid it would now be in vain to inquire of Mr. Magpye, or Mr. Scampo.

My defence now went swimmingly on, and Mr. Scampo told me he had no doubt, we should get very well through the business. This I believe was really his opinion, as I have it on good authority, that at an oyster-shop near Drury Lane Theatre, at the Saloon in Piccadilly, and at the Finish in James Street, Covent Garden, he declared more than once to some of the ladies there assembled, that my business would be effectually done.

Sometimes I was tempted to plead guilty. Though sentence of death would pass against me, I was told that execution would not follow, and consequently that I should in fact only be doomed to transportation for life, to which, in my then frame of mind, I had no great objection to submit. By doing so I should escape some hours of painful exposure in court, which I very much dreaded. But a wish to establish



my innocence, prevailed over every other consideration, and when the day of trial arrived, I prepared to repel the accusation with all my might, and to act on the advice of my attorney.

But the mass of evidence produced against me, rendered all my efforts of no avail. It was proved that a most daring attempt had been made first to rob, and finally to murder the landlord of the house, in which I had been. The conversation I had held with him before I went up stairs, the circumstance of my remaining, even according to my own account, completely dressed, with a candle burning long after it might have been expected that I should have been in bed, the manner in which I had quitted the house without offering the slightest assistance to the apparently dying man, the desperate assault which I had committed in order to effect my escape from Mr. Clutch, and the circumstance of fifteen pounds being discovered about my person, which I pretended to have found, after confessing myself a few hours before to have been without money, was considered to have been most providentially brought

to light, and to prove to demonstration that I was a desperate character. The jury were directed that if under the oath they had taken, they could entertain any reasonable doubt of my culpability, to give me the benefit of that doubt. They however consulted but a few minutes, before they agreed in their verdict, and that verdict was "*Guilty.*"

## CHAPTER XII.

*I am confined in the condemned cells, and am visited by my mother and Mr. Mason—The popular quacks of the day beset me, and proffer great kindness in furtherance of their own views.*

IN consequence of my being capitally convicted, I was transferred to the condemned cells, and my fare was altered from what it had previously been, to bread and water, that salutary change being in such cases always made, in order, I suppose, to induce the prisoner to profit by the pious exercise of fasting, as well as by that of prayer. For the greater security of my person, I was now put in irons. My late companion, the burglar, who had also been found guilty, soon rejoined me. He appeared still gay and careless, and failed not to comment, with some asperity, on my being so dunghill, as not to affect to make

the awful sentence about to be pronounced against me, a matter of merriment.

I was for some time in doubt, whether I should make my mother acquainted with my present situation. The thought that I should soon, even if my life were spared, be separated from her for ever, made me feel anxious to bid her adieu. I had been the object of her affection, if she had not always taken the best way of showing it, and though it had sometimes been subdued or concealed, by the events which had ruffled a disposition naturally too irritable, I still was convinced that she took the liveliest interest in my welfare.

I determined to write to her, or rather to Mr. Mason, requesting him to communicate to her the situation in which I stood, with such precaution as he deemed necessary. The consequence of this was, I had the next day the satisfaction and the misery, to receive a visit from my parent.

My mother was so deeply afflicted, that she could say but little, and, consequently, a minute account of our interview would be but a record

of sighs, shriekings, and ejaculations, which, though deeply affecting to those who witness them, can only be described in common-place terms.

Mr. Mason also favoured me with his company. He shook his head, but was sufficiently collected to use more speech than my mother did ; I mean more than my mother did, on this particular occasion. He very considerably reminded me of the abundance of excellent advice, which he had formerly, in the discharge of his duty as a parent, bestowed upon me, for my edification, not failing to draw the inference, that I had been brought to an untimely end, by omitting to pay proper attention to him.

This was the gist of his speech, but I have, by no means, done justice to the flow of eloquence, which marked Mr. Mason's eulogium on himself, and which I have no hesitation in saying, was hardly inferior to that, which had formerly procured for him among the ladies of the conventicle, the reputation which he enjoyed, of having a " gift for prayer."

His kindness was so great, that he even

offered his services in that way, but I would not intrude upon my father-in-law so far, as to attempt availing myself of any influence which he might have above. He, however, seized the opportunity which my unhappy circumstances afforded, for giving me solemn admonitions, and refreshed me by quoting many texts of scripture, which he considered suited to my case. Touching on the great change in my circumstances, he reminded me of those words in scripture, so finely expressive of resignation, "The Lord hath given, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord," which, he said, had often occurred to him with most healing effect, after the death of his first wife, and the manner in which he spoke, assured me that they would prove equally efficacious with him, in case of any similar calamity. Further, he quoted the Bible to make me understand "that the wages of sin was death," and he earnestly implored me to apply for support to him who knew all hearts, from whom nothing could be concealed, and to acknowledge frankly all my transgressions, as the most

acceptable offering I could make to a God of truth.

Mr. Mason spoke with great feeling, on the disgrace which would fall on him, if it were known that one so nearly related to him as I was, had been condemned to death. He was evidently much concerned at the bare thought, and with infinite kindness, commended what he called "my proper and considerate conduct," in taking a name, which would spare my relatives the pain of such an exposure.

This was the sum and substance of his conversation through several interviews, which followed. He appeared hurt at my not confessing to him, that I had really committed the crime for which I was to suffer, and never saw me without solemnly conjuring me, by all means, to do every thing in my power to propitiate a God of truth, and to stick to the name of Bainbridge, and deny my own to the last.

Both the sheriffs called on me more than once, to inquire if I had any thing to complain of in the prison. The under-sheriffs did the same. Of one of the latter, who was particularly civil,

I ventured to inquire, what he expected would really be my fate. He answered by advising me to prepare for the worst.

Upon this, I reminded him, that the offence of which I stood convicted, was, admitting that I was guilty, my first, and as no proof had been offered of my being the person who attempted the life of the innkeeper, I thought my case one of some hardship.

He replied, in a speech which was evidently rich in legal learning, as I could scarcely understand two sentences of it, pointing out what the law recognised, and what it did not, and summing up with the profound remark, that “the line must be drawn somewhere.”

All I could make out of his harangue, was, that I must be hanged, which I thought was *drawing the line somewhere*, with a vengeance.

I received so many visits from these official persons, who always brought a friend or two, that I soon began to grow weary of them, as I could not help perceiving that they were making a show of me.

This remark, however, does not apply to the



sheriff of the preceding year, Mr. Trumpeter, who came repeatedly to see me. He visited me, for no other purpose, he told me so himself, but to see if there were not some favourable circumstances in my case. He heard my story with great attention, assured me that he believed every word of it, and would forthwith set himself to work, to obtain a free pardon for me.

I did not oppose this benevolent design. I even wished the ex-sheriff might succeed, as he told me twenty times over he had done in many other instances. I wished it on my mother's account, and also on Mr. Mason's.

He came several days successively, that he might have all the particulars correctly. To me, it appeared, that he took pleasure in my conversation, and I thought him a sensible man.

His clerk next waited on me, with a petition, which the ex-sheriff had drawn up for me, and which, though in the hurry of writing, some of the words were spelt wrong, I thought would do exceedingly well.

From the clerk, I learned that the ex-sheriff was a most benevolent character—in fact, a per-

fect Samaritan, who devoted himself to charity. He assured me that the good Mr. Trumpeter did, was unknown.

I said, I did not doubt it.

And, indeed, I have since learned, that such was the generosity of this gentleman, that, during the hard weather in the winter before I saw him, being in a borough which he was afterwards willing to represent in parliament, he gave, at his own expense, six dozen of red herrings, and two chaldrons of the best Staffordshire coals, to the poor.

On the present occasion, this universal philanthropist, besides framing my petition, or "partition," as it was spelt by him, had the generosity to send me by the clerk, half-a-crown. I objected to receiving it at first, but it was pressed on me by his man, who said I might consider that, but as a sort of earnest, of what his high-minded employer intended to do. He told me he was never weary of serving those who appeared grateful, and he suggested that I could not do better than write, to him in acknowledgment of his condescension and munificence.

At first, I excused myself, being, as I said, somewhat at a loss, how to express myself. That difficulty, however, was soon got over, as the clerk offered to dictate what was proper. Worn out by his importunity, I, at last, consented. Materials for writing having been obtained, he proceeded to instruct me what it became me to say, and from his lips I wrote as follows :—

“Honoured sir,                      *Condemned Cells, Newgate.*

“Be pleased to accept my humble thanks for your very great goodness, and for all the unlooked for kindness which you have been pleased to show me. I beg to express my sincere gratitude, for the pecuniary relief you have been so bounteously pleased to afford, as also for your unwearied exertions in my behalf. Praying the Almighty to bless you for your unexampled condescension, munificence and humanity, I take the liberty to subscribe myself,

Honoured sir,

With sincere respect,

Your grateful and much obliged

Humble servant,

CHARLES BAINBRIDGE.”

This business being settled, the clerk took his leave, and I never saw him nor his principal again, nor did I hear of what was done with the petition, which had been drawn up in my name. It is due to the ex-sheriff, to state, that I had reason to know that he did not forget me, but, on the contrary, exerted his usual activity, to get the above letter published in all the newspapers which were willing to insert it, *gratis*.

The next person of consequence, who desired to see me, was the Hon. George Bustle. He came to investigate the quality of the bread, and the water, which was furnished to the inhabitants of the prison. He inquired, generally, whether the inhabitants of that place, received every thing to which they were entitled. This was a question which I was not prepared to answer. In fact, I had not even considered what the rights and privileges were, which ought to belong to my fellow-subjects, who were convicted thieves, in the same predicament with myself. Formerly, with all my loyalty, I had been a great friend to the rights of Englishmen, but reflections on hanging, had materially abated,

or, at least, suspended, the ardour of my patriotism.

The honourable gentleman, was rather unpopular in "the college," as he was in the habit of complaining in the house of commons of the recorder's delay, in making his reports. He had visited me, to pick up materials for a new speech. It happened rather singularly, that this friend to early execution, was afterwards charged with committing a felony himself. *Then*, it appeared, that he was no longer so eager as he had once been, for the prompt administration of justice. Such, at least, was the inference drawn, perhaps rashly, from his going to the continent some years ago, and omitting to return, to vindicate his character from the foul stain cast on it during his absence.

The honourable gentleman, and the ex-sheriff, had interested themselves for my body; but I had other visitors, whose loftier ideas, went with those of Mr. Mason, to save my immortal part. The ordinary came as a matter of course. I considered him to be acting professionally, and, perhaps, paid less attention to him on that

account, than his pious care deserved. I may make the same confession with respect to the well meant attentions of a gentleman, whose attendance on such occasions was equally constant, and who, by the inmates of the college generally, was held to be to the ordinary, what Jack Ketch's man was to the executioner.

The case was quite different with respect to Dr. Fudge, who came to me of his own free will. It was almost impossible to resist his eloquence ; and he told me, in such glowing terms, of the comfort which he had been the means of conveying to others, who had suffered, that I listened to him with great interest.

He joined, with the other spiritual advisers, to press upon me the importance of confessing my guilt, and with such effect, that, one day, I took it into my serious consideration, whether it would not be better for me to gratify them. To this, however, I could not make up my mind. Dr. Fudge then questioned me about my religious principles. I stated them to be those of the church of England, but he discovered that I was not quite orthodox. He laboured zealously

to convince me that I was wrong, and I admitted it at last, though my opinion remained unchanged. This success, gave the doctor vast satisfaction, and he had no longer any hesitation in congratulating me, on the rapid progress which I was making in divine knowledge.

The doctor cheered me with a most vivid description of the New Jerusalem, to which he assured me I might expect to proceed, straight from the Old Bailey. He asked me a number of singular questions, such as what I thought would be my first act and speech, after my arrival in Heaven; for whom I should seek, and how I proposed to reply to any greetings which I might receive?

My answers, though I was not very well prepared, afforded him satisfaction, and he led me into a rather lengthened conversation on these topics, considerably assisting my ideas with his directions, and graciously allowing me to make use of his name in the world to come.

Though Dr. Fudge could not obtain from me that confession, which he had originally required,

he won upon me so, by praying, singing hymns, and pious exhortations ; that I confided to him much of my real history, on his promise not to disclose it ; and he was exceedingly pleased with the recital. In the course of it, he found out that the name by which I was known, was not my real one. What it was, he now manifested a strong desire to learn ; I declined to satisfy him. He pressed it, but I first civilly, then peremptorily, and, at last, impetuously refused compliance. He still conjured me to give him a proper answer, and said, as his object was the salvation of my soul, he had a right to require one ; and on my again disappointing him, he did not scruple to say, that I was, from my stubbornness, in danger of everlasting perdition.

Here, it appeared to me, that Dr. Fudge went too far, and I gave him to understand as much, by hinting, that no gentleman could have a right to make so free with another's soul, as he had done with mine.

He resented this, as a reflection on his professional talent ; and though he still came to



see me, he by no means contributed so much to raise my spirits, as he had previously done. That gave me some concern, but I was determined to own no other name than that of Charles Bainbridge.

I was confirmed in my resolution by Mr. Scampo, who occasionally visited "the college," to ascertain whether any of those whom he had contributed, by defending, to convict, still possessed a guinea, out of which they were willing to be *done*, as he expressed himself, for a petition to the throne. This worthy, expressed his surprise at my being such a *flat*, as to suffer Dr. Fudge to "pump me dry," that he might spice up with my confessions, the rigmarole nonsense, which he called his sermons. On my asking for an explanation, he repeated several of the conversations which I had had with the person he had named, and which the doctor had used, (Mr. Scampo had learnt it from his aunt,) on the preceding Sunday, in his pulpit.

Such, I afterwards ascertained, though reported by Mr. Scampo, was really the truth. By connecting such details with his sermons, I found that

Dr. Fudge had obtained a considerable number of followers, who thought his discourses as interesting as the Newgate Calendar, and gave him credit for wonderful talent.

The attorney paid me more than one visit, always bitterly condemning the trickery of the parson. Notwithstanding this, he himself was as inquisitive as ever Fudge had been. Mr. Scampo had a share in a Sunday Paper, which depended for its sale, on the *P. R.* and "*the College*"—the prize ring, and Newgate, to which he was in the habit of communicating flash intelligence, and he felt a little sore at finding that Dr. Fudge had anticipated him, by bringing before the public, dialogues in which I had a share, before *he* had given them to the world in print.

I could enumerate others who visited me on various pretexts : upon the whole, I had a pretty respectable levy. It was quite evident when I was conducted to the chapel, and through parts of the prison, in which I could be seen by those who had formerly been in the same ward with me, that they now thought me somebody. The attentions I received from many, whom they

called *nobs*, seemed to move their envy. They looked as if they wondered at my getting on so, regarded condemnation as a great accession of dignity, and thought it a fine thing to be hanged.

## CHAPTER XIII.

*An unexpected visitor comes to the prison, who makes a communication to me, which astonishes me exceedingly—I am charged to prepare for the worst, but become more agitated, and less collected than ever.*

THE ordinary attended to me with unwearied kindness, and was particularly earnest to press upon me the importance of dying at peace with all mankind.

I was desirous of profiting by his instructions, but when I remembered the conduct of Mr. Haversham, to which I ascribed all that had since befallen me, I could not wholly subdue my resentment. For Adela, I alternately condemned and pitied her. The conviction that deep and lasting misery, would eventually requite her wanderings, was not the least of my present sorrows. In proportion as my affliction on this subject

was severe, my indignation, against my late friend and patron, was great.

This feeling was very strong upon me one morning, when I was informed, that the sheriff had ordered me to be conducted to him. His wish complied with, he announced to me, that a particular friend of mine, desired to see me, and as the gentleman was not unknown to him, he had consented to allow him to see me alone.

I bowed, and thanked him. It instantly struck me, though no name had been mentioned, that it was Mr. Haversham of whom he spoke, and on entering the room, to which I was directed, I found my surmise confirmed.

“It is too true!” he said, and tears were standing in his eyes, while he advanced to greet me. I suffered him to grasp my hand, but it was because I wanted energy, and not disposition to withdraw it.

He seemed shocked, at contemplating my altered appearance. There was in his face an expression of tender sympathy, which was met on

my part, by one of resolute indifference, and I remained sullenly silent.

“ My poor young friend,” he exclaimed, “ is it my wretched fate to find you thus ! Positive as was the information, which I received, I still clung to the hope, that there was some mistake, and that you whom I so sincerely esteemed, could not have fallen so low.”

“ You are satisfied now,” I drily replied, in the hope that this unconciliating answer, would terminate our interview.

“ Satisfied !” he repeated, in a tone of sadness, which, hypocrite as I considered him, I thought indicated real feeling. “ No, I am mournfully convinced, but not satisfied. What demon could so fearfully mislead you ? What motive could you have, for acting as you have done ? What could tempt you to sin ? Why did you not disclose to me, any difficulties in which you might find yourself involved ? Had you not a friend, whom you could trust ? Could you not place confidence in me ?”

“ In you, sir ?” I asked in a tone which conveyed the bitterest reproach to Mr. Haversham.

“ Aye !” he calmly replied, but with an air of astonishment, occasioned by the manner of my speech ; “ could you not confide in me ?”

“ Sir,” said I, “ I did confide in you. You know it well ; and how that confidence was answered, you also know.”

“ How was it answered ?”

“ Do not ask the question. I wish to indulge in no feelings of resentment, which would ill become a dying man ; but I do think you forget humanity, when you thus interrogate me.”

“ The searcher of all hearts knows,” Mr. Haversham replied, in a tone most solemn and impressive, “ that I would in no case willingly add sorrow to suffering. When I learned that you were in this wretched place, what could induce me to seek it, but to learn whether it was possible to save, and baffled in that, which God forbid, to endeavour to mitigate your woe, or console you for what is now past help.”

“ I will not arraign your present motives, but it can hardly surprise you to learn, that I desire to receive no consolation from you ; nay more,” and here I elevated my voice, for my disgust rose

while I spoke, "your presence aggravates and increases even the horrors of a prison."

"Not for a moment would I pause, since to do so, appears to distress you, but that it appears to me, some latent meaning attaches to your speech. I will promptly retire, but first, in words as few and as harsh as you will, explain your present conduct, and tell me whence these implied reproaches."

"Since you will have it, sir, know then, that even in my present wretched state, guilty as the world believe me, I despise a hypocrite, and therefore wish not to look upon you."

"A hypocrite, young man! Is it possible you can believe that such is my character! With unfeigned humility, I own I have many faults, but I do think hypocrisy is not of the number."

"It would be deviating from the character which I know to be yours, to confess that I have truly described you. But no matter, sir. You see before you the wretch betrayed by your perfidious friendship, humbled to the dust already, and destined to mingle with it presently. Let this suffice, and spare me further punish-



ment. Go, sir, go ; and may God forgive you, as I—wish to do.”

“ No, I will not go, till I have further explanation. My pride, and my indignation, which I own it is not easy to repress, shall not betray me into the cruelty and injustice, of leaving you the dupe of an erroneous impression. You have fallen into some fatal error. I suspected it before, but now it is absolutely certain. In what have I been a hypocrite ? How have I been perfidious ?”

“ Why,” said I, “ will you drive back my miserable thoughts, to scenes which I would fain cease to remember ? Retire. I wish to abstain from pouring forth all the bitterness, which fills my heart.”

“ Nay, give it vent. I have been too much accustomed to unmerited reproach, to be wholly taken by surprise. Go on, and spare me not.”

“ Thus provoked, know then, that I am well acquainted with all the base subterfuges resorted to by you, during the latter part of my residence at the Priory. Your little arts could not succeed in veiling your unworthy motives.

Your sinister object was seen, through your pretended kindness."

"This language shocks me; shocks me, because I cannot but lament that a human being of sound mind as you were reputed to be, could fall so deplorably into error. What wretch can have imposed upon you!"

"No one. These eyes witnessed the infamy which I charge upon you."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, when you believed that they were closed in midnight slumbers, they wildly glared on you, and the poor lost victim of your depravity."

"Are you mad?"

"Would to God I had been, ere this scene passed under my view! The darkest cell in Bedlam, had been a palace to me, compared with the horrid gloom, which fell on every place, of which I was from that moment an inhabitant. No, I am not mad. I can reason but too well. Too well can I understand why independence was proffered, on condition that I should renounce Adela."

“ You amaze me ! What is the injurious inference you would draw from that ? ”

“ I infer nothing. I speak but of what I saw and what I heard. ”

“ What did you hear ? ”

“ The language of ardent love—of fondest endearment uttered by you to Adela—to Adela—to my Adela. ”

“ This is true, but— ”

“ And I saw—I would rather that everlasting darkness had descended on these eyes, that arm clasp her lovely form. To your heart you drew her, and with fondness. ”

“ I did ; to—a father’s embrace. ”

I started at the word “ father. ” A wild suspicion came over me, that I had been all along in error. But then I strove to recall the tone in which he had spoken, and to assure myself that my first idea had not wronged him. I however wanted power to speak, and I gazed on him with stupid amazement and speechless agony. He, for some moments, was likewise incapable of uttering his thoughts.

“ Young man, ” he at length said, “ your vain

alarm, and your weak suspicion, have led to fatal consequences. Would that a few brief weeks might be recalled, that overstrained caution and youthful rashness, might be prevented. But the thought is folly, and the tide of time, still rushing on, bears with resistless force, the victims of error to the final consummation of their wretched destiny."

"Sir," said I, "I know not to what these reflections tend, yet have no wish to trouble you for explanation. Remembering what I saw and what I heard, the end of this interview will be relief to me."

"You speak of what you heard. What did you hear?"

"Must I again return to the hateful theme? I heard such language as—but I wish not to characterise it—"

"Never recede. Let me know all. You could but hear such language as a father might address to his child."

"I heard such language as a hoary gallant, would address to his mistress."

"'Tis false!" Mr. Haversham indignantly

replied ; then checking himself, he added, “ in this, you are deceived.”

“ You pleaded the suit of age.”

“ Never.”

“ You told Adela that young men were fickle. You described them as wavering and worthless, and contrasted with them, the passion of one—I could not then distinctly hear your speech, but beyond all question, it went to show the superior quality of elder affection, for your condemnation of youth was general.”

“ So it was,” Mr. Haversham replied, seeming to speak to himself.

“ You at length admit then,” I rejoined, “ that I speak truth, and deem further artifice, enough having already been used, to be unnecessary.”

“ Too much artifice *has* been used, but not such artifice as you suspect. That wretched fate, which has been mine through life, pursues me still, and renders us companions in misery.”

“ In this instance, at least, I feel justified in saying, that what you designate your fate, may with greater propriety be called *your guilt*.”

“ So unhappily it appears to you. But know, I state the fact with equal grief and sincerity, I did not speak disparagingly of young men, with the view you impute. My evil destiny gave you to hear all that might seem to degrade me, and made you deaf to what would have removed your suspicion, nay, converted suspicion into gratitude.”

“ I do not comprehend you now.”

“ The inference which I drew in favour of one individual, from the general inconstancy of young men, was wholly in favour of your suit. To my child, I pointed out, what was with me a scheme of real exultation, the rare merit which I believed it had been my good fortune to discover in you.”

While Mr. Haversham spoke thus, I looked at him with astonishment. It appeared to me, that he was uttering a palpable falsehood. I turned from him in silent disgust, but then deeming it right that he should not escape the reproach he merited, I replied,

“ I know not, sir, what object you can have in view, but your conduct is as ridiculous as it

is base. When you pretend that you were pleading for me, you forget that but a few days before, you—*you*,” I repeated with stern emphasis, “ offered to secure me an independence, on condition that I should renounce Adela.”

“ Most true it is that I did so, and not less true is it, that the disinterested attachment which refused the proffered advantage won my warmest admiration, and formed the theme of my eulogium, on that night when my speech was partially overheard. While I spoke generally against the romantic follies of youth, I pointed to one bright exception, so far as my judgment went, and I named you.”

The prejudice, the fatal prejudice which I had previously conceived against Mr. Haversham, did not permit me at once, to rely implicitly on the truth of this statement, but his further speech soon made it impossible to doubt. He gave me explanations, which satisfied me, that he had throughout been my kindest, most generous, and noble minded friend.

It then became my turn to speak in self-vindication. He listened to me with the deepest

attention, and with unaffected sorrow. When I had concluded he said,

“ I do not like to risk offending the Majesty of Heaven, by supposing its special interference in our comparatively insignificant concerns, but here I could almost imagine, do not think I speak it reproachfully, that Almighty justice willed, that he who too readily indulged causeless suspicion, should so soon find himself the object of unjust accusation.”

I reflected with much bitterness on the part I had acted, and remembering that but for my precipitation, I should have been at that moment, the acknowledged lover of Adela, now proclaimed by Mr. Haversham to be his daughter, of a beauty I adored, and of the heiress of his immense wealth, I most acutely felt how ungrateful I had been, and reproached my own injustice with great sincerity.

Though Mr. Haversham, convinced that I was not guilty, declared himself to have derived much satisfaction from my statement of the unfortunate circumstances, which had made me an inmate of Newgate, he was deeply afflicted



on my account. He entreated me not to suffer my mind to be agitated by hopes, which might only lead to severer disappointment, but at the same time, he announced it to be his determination, to endeavour to procure such proofs of my innocence, as he thought might be obtained, and then to transmit them to the secretary of state for the home department. On this benevolent undertaking, he promised to employ himself that very day, but still cautioned me against being too sanguine, as to the result.

When taking his leave, he again pressed this upon me. The advice was excellent, but useless, for now my mind was agitated, by anxious wishes, bitter regrets, and self-reproaches, which I had not known before. It was in vain that the ordinary, endeavoured to fix my thoughts on the bliss to be enjoyed hereafter. His well-meant admonitions had not the desired effect. He painted, in glowing colours, the joys of a future state, but I, with the most anxious wish not to offend religion, felt a disposition which

I could not conquer, to remain in a world of sin and wretchedness, which he not inaccurately, as I thought at the time, described this to be.

## CHAPTER XIV.

*Failure of Mr. Haversham's exertions—A reprobate becomes pious—Despondency succeeds to bravado—I, and my companion look for important news, and receive it.*

IF I had again been brought to wish for life, it was not on account of any enjoyments, which had been, as yet restored to me. The misery I had felt, in consequence of the supposed frailty of Adela, and the perfidy of Mr. Haversham was great, but now from morning till night, and through the night, I was racked by a sense of my own unworthiness. I really felt so much contempt for my own judgment, and such indignation, when I reflected on my culpable rashness, together with such an excruciating sense of the scorn, with which Adela must regard conduct like mine, that anxiety to escape punishment, not unfrequently gave place to a

sincere wish that the last punishment were instantly to be inflicted, that I might at once, find a refuge from shame, in the grave.

Mr. Haversham's first care was to seek out those who had been the principal witnesses against me. He questioned them with much strictness, but nothing which they stated, at all affected what I had told him, and when he put it to them, whether it was not possible that my defence was true, they admitted that it certainly might be so, but under all the circumstances, they deemed it very unlikely.

The landlord distinctly admitted, that the persons he had first encountered, did not, so far as he on tasking his memory on the subject could speak, resemble me.

This, and several facts, which my friend considered of a favourable nature, he carefully committed to paper, and forwarded them to Mr. ex-sheriff Trumpeter, who, at the end of a week, returned his letter, with the assurance, that he had used his best exertions in my behalf already, but without success, and could do no more.

Mr. Haversham then waited upon him to explain to him, that the case was materially altered by the information which he had succeeded in gaining, and to hope that he would interest himself in my behalf.

Mr. Trumpeter replied, that he had already "*investigated into the case,*" that he had relieved my wants from his own means, (alluding to the half crown which I had received,) and "a'ter that he couldn't do no more."

The fact was, after the publication of my letter, nothing that concerned me was likely to extend his fame for humanity, and consequently he considered my affair settled. He was an æconomical philanthropist, who aimed at buying a charitable reputation cheap, and accordingly made up to persons in my unfortunate situation, pretending to be vastly anxious to save their lives, till he had got a letter from them in praise of his benevolence, which letter, in order of course, to interest the public *for them*, he always took care to print.

Some of the letters thus obtained, which I have seen, state, that this worthy gentleman

had been as kind to the supposed writers, as if he had been their father, which was perhaps true. Indeed, I have heard that he was not more kind, to some of his own illegitimate children.

It was now expected, that the recorder would speedily make his report to the king in council, of the prisoners under sentence of death. My companion in sorrow, I have already had occasion to mention as being most resolute to act the part of a hero, according to his ideas of that character. On the day when we received sentence, I heard my doom pronounced in solemn silence. Most of the prisoners who were capitally convicted, did the same, bowing very profoundly to the recorder, in order to testify the great respect which they had conceived for his person. Those who were to be whipped, behaved tolerably well, but the convicts whose punishment was transportation, availed themselves of what they considered an ancient privilege, by bestowing a volley of blackguardism on the public officer, whose duty it was to announce their destiny.

The most temperate of this wretched crew,

contented themselves with simply pronouncing a sentence of everlasting condemnation on his eyes; others threatened to instruct their returning comrades, to cut his throat as soon as they got home. A lady, who was to travel for seven years, promised to bring him home a "big ring-tailed baboon like himself, to scratch the powder out of his wig," and most of those who were to be sent to New South Wales for life, inquired if they could not be treated with *an additional week*, which it seems they had ascertained was a remarkably good joke, to laugh at then, and to tell afterwards.

The contrast was most striking, between the vulgar insolence of those to whom milder punishments were awarded, and the excellent breeding displayed by us, who were to be hanged.

This praise, however, cannot be given to my companion. Mr. Wildfire, ambitious of higher honours, was as jocularly impudent, as any of the prisoners who had to answer but for minor offences. He commenced with the usual attack on the vision of the learned gentleman,

and proceeded to utter a string of epithets, too horrid to be repeated. Then, he added, they had better not make a tight rope dancer of him, if they did, the recorder had better take care of that calf's head in a baker's shop, (he pointed to the head and wig, of the important officer just mentioned,) for he would meet him some night in a dark passage, after 'the *scrag*, and pull his *snuffers* out of the jowl of him. He added, if the sheriff let him dangle a moment more than his time, he would be d—d but he would bring an action against him.

This brutal and disgusting levity, he plumed himself upon for some time, and often repeated to me the tough story, as he called it, which he had told to old Black Jack. He blamed me very much, for not having had a *shy* at the old *beak*; and when I defended myself, by avowing it to be my opinion, that silence was much more indicative of firmness, at such a moment, he assured me that that was all nonsense.

For his part, he said, he would die like a man, and, in pursuance of the resolution, he avowed, he procured a jacket, and a pair of slippers, to



wear on the morning of his execution, in order to make liars of those who had formerly told him, that he would die, with his coat and shoes on.

His brutal conduct, during a fortnight after conviction, was a source of considerable annoyance to me. I admonished my companion, but he, for some time, was not to be moved by any thing I could say.

But, as the moment drew near, when the order for execution might be expected, Mr. Wildfire's vivacity failed him. The witticisms which, till now, he had been in the constant habit of pouring forth in derision of every thing that was solemn, were checked. He listened with eagerness to the ordinary, and others, who were disposed to afford him consolation. All through the day he importuned me to read the Bible to him, which he now called a "blessed book," and reproached me, for not being at all times ready to join with him in singing, "glory to the Lamb."

Agitated as I was, by hopes and fears myself, I contemplated, with melancholy awe,

the change which I remarked. I saw how unsubstantial was that courage, which rested on hardihood and blasphemy, and the deplorable fears which now assailed my fellow-sufferer by night and day, rendered his frantic and obstreperous course of devotion, almost as serious a disturbance to me, as his former reprobate conduct had been, while it taught me how intimate the connection, between abject terror, and insolent bravado.

If, after nightfall, a footstep approached our cell, he would exclaim, “ now it’s coming, it’s coming, the report has been made !” and throwing himself upon his knees, he would pray aloud.

The day at length came, on which a levee was to be held, at which the recorder was to attend with his report. This fact was announced to us by the ordinary, who humanely advised us to be prepared for the worst, as it was his sincere opinion, that we had no mercy to expect on earth.

My agony was great, but great as it was, I

attempted to calm the transports of my companion, who appeared to me on the point of becoming delirious.

The evening arrived, and, as yet, we had not received the news we expected. Wildfire became more composed, and expressed his belief that reports were never made on a Wednesday. Either that was the case, or we were not to suffer, he thought; for he had heard, that when unhopd for reprieves were granted, the prisoner was kept sometimes ignorant of his good fortune, for half a day or so, that the sense of his danger, might not be done away too soon.

He was proceeding thus, when we heard some of the turnkeys approach; and, before we had time to exchange a word on the subject, our names were pronounced. We no longer doubted that the important communication was about to be made.

“Do you hear that?” cried my companion—“Wildfire and Bainbridge, were the names called out. O, good God! we are both to die. There is no mercy for us;—none—none—” he

added, with the piety which he had now constantly at his tongue's end,—“none but that which is in Jesus, blessed be his holy name.”

The door of the cell was opened, and Wildfire fell on his knees, and began to pray.

The turnkey, observing his distress, spoke to him in a consoling tone, as if he had thought it a pity, that he should be unnecessarily devout.

“You needn’t frighten yourself, Mr. Wildfire;—there’s no report yet—that we know of, however, so you need not trouble yourself to pray now.”

Wildfire started up! “Is there no report?” he inquired. “Are you serious? no report at all?”

“None at all.”

“A thousand thanks, my good friend,” cried Wildfire, breathless with joy—“then, my prayer—my prayer has been heard.”

“The turnkey only means to say, that, as yet, no news of the report having been made, has reached the prison.”

These words, uttered by the well known voice of Mr. Haversham, seemed to me rather ominous, from the anxiety which he manifested to guard against a false hope being for a moment encouraged. It was to allow him, at his earnest request, to have a few moments conversation with me, that our door had been unclosed. He said but little, and appeared much depressed in spirits. With more than usual rapidity, he ran over the difficulties he had had to encounter, and the disheartening result of all the applications which had been made in my favour. He invoked the blessing of the Almighty upon me, and retired exhorting me to bear the hardships which might be my lot, with patient resignation, and with manly fortitude.

The door of the cell was closing, when Wildfire called to the turnkey,

“The report—is the report likely to come now? to-night I mean.”

“Can’t say.”

“But what do you think?”

“Can’t say, Mr. Wildfire. You know we

are delicate in these matters. Why, if I was to say ‘yes, it will come,’ and it did not, you know, then you would blame me.”

“Not at all,” said my companion, with a degree of eagerness, which proved him to be sincere.

“Why, then to tell you the truth, we generally get the reports before this time, and the prisoners have it directly. As it is so late, I should say it won’t come; if it should, you shall know all about it, but as I said before it’s getting late, and so don’t depend upon it.”

He closed the door, and Wildfire went over his words, that the reports of the recorder were in a common way, communicated earlier in the evening, and thence he drew the cheering inference, that we might hope another week would pass, before an order for our execution could issue.

This consoling belief tranquillised Wildfire, and considering that he had more time on his hands than he dared to calculate upon in the morning, he closed his devotions rather earlier than usual that night. I was not sorry for this.

Though well disposed to derive all possible support from religious exercises, the extravagant energy of my companion, interrupted those meditations in which I wished to indulge, and therefore to see him comparatively at rest, was to me a benefit.

My mind was still sufficiently gloomy. I sadly mused over the irksome present, and then glanced with startling dread at the awful hereafter. Worn out by grief, nature at length sunk beneath the weight of sadness which oppressed me, and my eyes were closed in sleep.

I had not long forgot my sorrow, when a wild cry of agony and terror dispelled my drowsiness. St. Paul's clock was at that moment striking ten. I listened to its sullen murmurs, as they rolled through the prison, but heard nothing more. Wildfire, however, exclaimed,

“ Now, Bainbridge, it *is* come.”

He shed tears while he spoke, and clung to me as if for protection.

“ Do you hear ?” he asked. “ Do you hear their steps ?”

“ I do,” said I, and the key now turning in

the lock, proved it was no ideal sound, that had alarmed my neighbour.

To me it seemed that the door trembled on its hinges, while it opened as if our visitor shrunk for a moment from entering. The pause was brief, and the governor of Newgate, accompanied by one of the turnkeys, stood before us.

There was an air of assumed composure about the gaoler, which distinctly announced his dismal errand. My companion sunk on the bed, convulsed with agony. I remained standing, and endeavoured to exhibit more firmness, but in spite of myself, my legs trembled under me, and incapable of speech, I waited for the doleful intelligence, which I expected was now to be communicated.

After a pause, the governor proceeded to tell the occasion of his coming.

“ It is my duty to announce to you, that the report has been made.”

“ Mercy, mercy !” cried Wildfire.

And the gaoler added, “ it is, I am sorry to say it :” here his voice faltered in a way which proved that the duty, though not new to him, had



not become so completely a matter of business as to annihilate the best feelings of humanity ; “ and I am sorry to say it,” he repeated, taking Wildfire and me by the hand, “ the decision is unfavourable.”

Though I had endeavoured to be prepared for the worst, the shock which this announcement gave me, I never shall forget. The pain, the ignominy, the extinction of myself, with the sorrow and disgrace, which my wretched end must throw upon others, all rushed on my tortured mind, and filled my bosom with dismay.

“ God’s will be done, God’s will be done !” exclaimed Wildfire, and this exclamation he repeated many times, seemingly half unconscious of what he uttered. Then turning to the messenger, he inquired on what day we were to suffer.

“ On Wednesday,” was the answer.

Wildfire again repeated his exclamations, and endeavoured to fashion his disordered thoughts into a prayer. To the question put to both of us by the gaoler, if he could do any thing to relieve us, my companion answered,

“ Pray for us ; pray, intercede for us with the recorder. I hope we shall find mercy at the throne of grace. Do what you can. Is there no hope ? Pray, sir, bear it in mind. Speak to the sheriff, and tell him—tell him, if you please, that I am not fit to die—I mean on Wednesday ; tell him I am not fit to die. God be merciful to me a sinner.”

Our unwelcome visitor recommended him to calm his spirits, promised to do every thing in his power to serve us, and then withdrew.

## CHAPTER XV.

*I learn that I have a remarkably good head, but soon find that it is not likely to save my neck—Fatal intelligence arrives in consequence of which I receive some additional proofs of the kind consideration of my relations.*

ON the following day, while I was walking in the press yard, a turnkey introduced a person of respectable exterior and grave deportment, to me, informing me at the same time, that he was a gentleman of scientific eminence, who was extremely anxious to have some conversation with me.

The new visitor, proceeded to inform me that his name was Batter, that his residence was the Strand, and he added, it was probable that I had heard of him as a lecturer on phrenology.

I acknowledged his name was not strange to me, and he went on to say, the object of

his coming was to ask me, as the attention of the public had been a good deal drawn to my case, to oblige him, by allowing him to take a *cast* of my head.

The polite manner in which this request was urged, compelled me to yield the permission he solicited. I can safely state, that this was the true cause of my yielding, and that it was not from any ambition which I felt to have my face or form preserved and exhibited, with those of Abershaw, Bellingham, and Thurtell.

Begging pardon for the freedom he used, Mr. Batter examined my head on the spot. He said I had the organ of *causeality* finely developed, which showed that I was a profound reasoner.

I of course acquiesced. It would have been rudeness not to do so, and besides, I felt that this was really the case. The organ of *acquisitiveness* he found was strongly marked. I did not contradict him; though I had a shrewd suspicion, that by *acquisitiveness* he meant robbery, and consequently had as good as told me, that my own skull gave evidence against me as a thief.

I confess I was not altogether pleased with this intelligence, but when he discovered that the organ of *destructiveness*, which I understood to mean murder, was remarkably apparent, I began to lose my temper, and to consider Mr. Batter but an ignorant pretender to knowledge, and the science of phrenology itself, entitled only to contempt.

But these injurious thoughts were speedily dismissed, on his discovering the organ of *philoprogenitiveness* to be very finely developed, which indicated great humanity, while that of *marvellousness*, which I think he said told of ardent piety, was equally conspicuous. These discoveries, and the remarks that he founded on them, satisfied me of the professor's ability and discernment, and proved that he and the science to which his studies had been devoted, were truly respectable.

To show that he well understood what he was about, I will here repeat in substance, though not in terms, the very accurate report which he made of my general character.

He told me that though a disposition to acquire was certainly observable, that was counteracted by original, unconquerable integrity. There was genius, of a character rather wandering and unsettled, but still sublime; there was devotion, which stopped short of intemperate zeal. There was wit, but it was tempered by reflection. He found that I had an astonishing capacity to learn, but some reluctance to begin, and still more to continue, severe studies; though he found immense industry, and a powerful mind. There was impetuosity, but it was regulated by prudence and care, coupled with great generosity.

Upon the whole, he assured me, with a look of infinite solemnity and intelligence, that my head was a most extraordinary one. Had his opinion been formerly asked, he should have said of it, "*That* is a head, which, *if it goes on well*, will make the wearer of it an ornament to society."

This information, led me to think phrenology an exceedingly clever and vastly polite study. I had so seldom been called ornamental, that I

greatly admired the discernment of Mr. Batter, displayed as it was, in finding out what a loss society was likely to sustain, by my death.

Wildfire next submitted his head to Mr. Batter, who found in him the organ of *combative-ness*, together with that of pacification. The indications of courage, virtue, wisdom, and wit, were all there. The phrenologist was enabled to state, that my fellow-prisoner was impatient when outraged, given to laughter when merry, and good-natured when he was pleased.

Dejected as he was, Wildfire could not but acknowledge with some complacency, that Mr. Batter was quite right, and he felt as much surprised as I did, at the wonderfully accurate description thus supplied. Wildfire, for his part, only lamented that Mr. Batter had not been examined on his trial, to prove, as he might have done, from the merciful bumps on his skull, that he had nothing whatever to do with the violence for which he was to suffer.

Wildfire's head, as well as mine, was pronounced by Mr. Batter to be extraordinary, and he enlarged so much on the fine things which

might be expected from them, if they *went on* well, that we both felt it was deeply to be regretted that they were so soon to go off.

He then proceeded to the operation which he contemplated, that of obtaining fac similes of them ; and we saw him take his leave, quite as well satisfied with his casts, as we had reason to be with our heads.

During this memorable week, Mr. Haversham frequently came. He confessed that on the night when the result of the report was communicated, he had waited near Carlton House while the Council was sitting, and ascertained the decision the moment it broke up. His object in coming to Newgate, was to prepare me for the fatal intelligence, though he wanted resolution to state all he knew. Even now, notwithstanding his anxiety that I should not be deluded by false hopes, he could hardly persuade himself that the case made out for me, in a petition which had gone to the Home-office, would be wholly passed over.

Day after day elapsed, but brought no tidings of a commutation of my punishment, and I was



assured by every one connected with the prison, that in a case like mine mercy was wholly out of the question, and that the sentence would certainly be executed.

Beside Wildfire and myself, there was another ordered for execution, a young man named Randall, whose crime was forgery. On the Sunday, we all attended the chapel together. We occupied the centre pew, and the gallery was filled with a crowd of strangers, eager to remark on the features, and to observe the deportment of three wretched beings, who were so soon to die.

“ I felt for you,” said Mr. Haversham, who was allowed to join me when I left the chapel, “ while you were exposed to the stare of the idlers who came this morning, not for divine instruction, but to gaze on a supposed malefactor. In your unhappy circumstances, every gesture, every word, attracts notice.”

“ I am conscious of it,” I said, “ and I feel annoyed by the foolish curiosity, which considers it a treat to observe the most common-place actions of a human being, merely because the

power of continuing those actions is about to be extinguished."

"If foolish, I must confess that it is a folly in which I myself have not unfrequently indulged. I have wished to see how human nature, could bear the consciousness, that the moments of life allotted to it were numbered, and already on the eve of being completed. We perhaps attach too much importance to the separation of the more essential part of our nature, from this, its fleshy abode."

I assented to this, by an inclination of the head, but I cannot say that I was philosopher enough at heart, to feel that the coming ceremony ought to be regarded as a trifle.

Mr. Haversham afterwards said,

"There is, let pride dissemble as it may, something truly awful in death. Yet it cannot be the perishable form that we love, the mind that animates, the soul that inhabits it, is all."

"But the body destroyed we cannot identify the abode of the spirit."

"Were it not so, their separation could not be matter of regret. I have often repined

at the toil and care requisite to keep this frame, or garment of the more essential part, in moderate repair. Its tyrant wants and appetites disgust me with their thralldom, and often I have thought how blessed he would be, who could emancipate himself from them, so the still conscious spirit, thus relieved, could remain near those to whom it had been dear, and signify its presence, by whispers of its love."

I re-echoed this sentiment.

But he went on, "I must, after all, admit that even the form—the cold—lifeless form of one whom I have known and valued, is with me an object of more than common interest. During the brief pause, interposed, after life has ceased, before decomposition begins, I gaze with fondness on the remains, all earthly as I know them, of one esteemed. Nor can I deem that idly, I dwell on the poor relic. The perishing features, however mean their composition, were the signs round which affection and admiration had learned to rally, and are therefore justly dear."

He spoke with melancholy tenderness, and my hand was grasped by his, while he spoke.

“ If I can feel thus,” said he, “ need I tell, with what intenseness of anguish, and of interest, your features will be perused, when you rest in your coffin, by one,—by one whom—whom—I had taught, to regard you as her future protector and lord. Alas for human ties ! How the frail chain moulders like a rope of sand in the wretch’s grasp ! How soon are even those, which we weakly name indissoluble, snapped and broken for ever.”

I answered but with a sigh. The image of Adela filled my mind. I wished to ask if I might see her once more, but wanted courage to express my desire. To do so was unnecessary, for Mr. Haversham added,

“ I have touched on a subject on which I know you feel most acutely. But tell me have you—have you resolution enough to see Adela ?”

“ Sir,” I replied, “ it is my wish, my most anxious wish. I designed to mention it, but wanted power to inquire, if she could condescend so far, as to come to this awful abode of crime, to bid a wretch farewell.”

“ I can tell you, she is anxious to look upon

you once more, that is, if her coming will not add to your present distress. Now, that I have broken the subject to you, it is for you to decide.—Can you bear it?”

“ To part from her,—to know, while parting, that I behold her for the last time, will be mournful, but I cannot deny myself the painful satisfaction of seeing her for that last time. O yes, sir, if she will submit to the abasement of entering this dreary home of misery, my heart will be grateful—if I can hear her breathe forgiveness of the wretched injustice which dared to suspect her truth, it will sooth my last moments, and contribute to dismiss my spirit in peace.”

“ She will come, not to forgive, but to bless you.”

“ O, my friend! when I reflect on what I have lost—when I think of Adela, it is then that I feel all the hardness of my fate.”

“ It is natural you should do so. Yes, when your mind dwells on the union which I had contemplated, sunny skies, mirthful scenes, and perfect repose, present themselves to your thoughts. But these are exaggerations. Had

my wish been realized, clouds would sometimes have darkened your prospects—storms would have interrupted your course. All scenes of earthly happiness, be assured of *this*, (for the thought may console,) are deceptive. Bright and blissful, they appear seen from afar, they are mean and unsatisfactory, when attained.”

“ This, sir, I have often felt.”

“ And would feel it more, if your life were prolonged as mine has been. The season of hope, and of keen enjoyment, soon passes away. The same sounds may be conveyed to the ear, the same images to the eye, the same flavours to the palate, but none of these, when a few short years have elapsed, can make the same impression on the senses, which they first produced. This dull reasoning in disparagement of life’s pleasures, must grow tedious, and so I quit the subject. You have said you wish to see Adela;—to-morrow I shall be occupied with new efforts in your behalf. However hopeless the task, I will persevere. On Tuesday, if happier tidings come not in the interim, I will bring my daughter to bid you farewell.”

With this assurance, he retired. I wished that he had named Monday rather than Tuesday, as I feared the emotion which the presence of Adela must inspire, would hardly be sufficiently subdued in the few hours which were to intervene between her coming, and my execution, to enable me to go through the last scene with becoming calmness.

But it was, perhaps, quite as well, that he did not fix on the day which I would have preferred, for, on that day, I had so many *friends* come to visit me, that I could hardly have spoken to her without being interrupted. Dr. Fudge attended, to prevail upon me to finish my confession ; and, besides, the ordinary, the sheriffs, the under sheriffs, and the gaoler, visited me on the same errand.

My uncle Peter, and my aunt Maxwell, thought it incumbent upon them to see me once more. They seemed to think that it would have been very unkind in them, and that I must needs have felt it so, if they had not paid me a visit before my execution ; and my uncle

Peter took an early opportunity of pronouncing a nice little eulogium *for two*, by remarking, that “they were not of that class of people, who forgot their friends in distress; and he appealed to my recollections in early life, if, in stating this, he were not perfectly correct.”

I was in a very fine humour for assenting, and, therefore, signified that it was quite true. So it was, indeed, for any thing I know to the contrary. I have no right to say that I was forgotten either by him, or my aunt, but I cannot exactly call to mind, what I was ever the better for being remembered by them.

They had, however, now come to be very kind, and, of course, I could do no less than thank them for their company. I should have felt quite as much obliged to them if they had stayed away

But, as I said before, they had come to be very kind, so my uncle said he deeply lamented the awful situation in which I stood.

And my aunt, first swelling out her chest, and then turning up her eyes, exclaimed—



“ Alas !”

And a very fine tragical aspiration it was.

My uncle told of the wise counsel he had given me, when I was a lad.

My aunt did the same.

My uncle told me that he had warned me against being dishonest, and, moreover, informed me, that “ the wages of sin would be death.”

I looked very sad at this, and attempted to explain, that I, in my own judgment, had hardly deserved the wages I was about to be paid.

My aunt wished me to consider how much better it would have been for me, if I had applied myself in time to proper studies ; for, as she had always said—

“ When house, and land, are gone and spent,  
Learning is most excellent.”

I told them, that I had endeavoured to avail myself of most of the opportunities which had offered for improvement.

But as they came to edify me, they paid little attention to any thing that I could say. My aunt proceeded to hope, that I was not wholly

unprepared to die, and she then added, from Dr. Watts—

“Tis religion that can give”——

My uncle Peter had evidently come prepared with the same spiritual assistance, and before my aunt could be aware of his design, he took the next line out of her mouth, repeating with solemn enthusiasm—

“Sweetest pleasure while we live.”

Mrs. Maxwell was evidently disconcerted at this, but she proceeded to the succeeding lines with great expedition, and they gave them the benefit of their united voices—

“’Tis religion can supply  
Solid comfort when we die.”

This exercise, seemed on them, to produce something like the inspiring effects which the performers in a chorus acknowledge, and they were going on, when my aunt, who in the progress of her recitation, had deemed it expedient to stimulate her energies by a pinch of rappee, had the misfortune to sneeze. My uncle Peter

looked reproachfully at her, as if he thought a performance like his ought not to be sneezed at, and then going on, *solus*, with the *comfort*, he advised me to repent, and told me, that

“ While the lamp holds out to burn  
The vilest sinner may return,”

which he graciously added, was beautifully applicable to my case, and desired me to bear it in mind accordingly.

My aunt, was by this time, capable of returning to the charge, and my uncle Peter having had a pretty good turn, allowed her to proceed.

They repeated many pious scraps to me, excellent in themselves, and well fitted to reconcile a sufferer to his miserable destiny. But most of them seemed to be uttered rather in the spirit of ostentatious display, and not with that generous anxiety to sustain a sinking heart, which would have given them value and importance. I was not disposed to undervalue the consolations of devotion, but there was an air of affectation about my uncle and aunt, which made it impossible for me to derive any

benefit from their exhortations, and the unsparing manner in which they rehearsed all my misdeeds, and insisted on them, led me to the conclusion that their faith could not be, exactly what it ought to be, as I did not discover its connection with charity.

At last they left me, having given me the regular embrace at parting. They retired, lauding their own humanity, for so greatly condescending, and taking it for granted, that I must feel prodigiously relieved, by the touching admonitions they had thought it right to bestow.

When doomed to die, I had considered that I was sentenced to be lectured, catechised, and worried by all comers, and had resolved to submit to this part of my punishment with fortitude. I therefore allowed the majority of my visitors to go on without interruption, and I found that my silence, put them in excellent humour with themselves. They took it for granted that that language must be impressive, and those arguments powerfully convincing, to which I had not a word to offer in reply. I

however must confess, that I was rather disturbed than assisted by the company I saw. I could have frequently wished to be denied, but as I knew it would not do to introduce immorality and falsehood to Newgate, I never asked the turnkey to say that I was *out*.

## CHAPTER XVI.

*I take leave of my mother and Mr. Mason—Adela visits me, and a most surprising disclosure is made by her and Mr. Haversham—I feel very great objections to being hanged.*

I WAS not sorry, to have got through some of “the farewells for ever,” on the Monday, but Tuesday was an awful day. My mother’s distress was great, and made the parting hour one of real agony.

Mr. Mason attended, and though my mother was too much occupied by grief for me, to treat him, when he spoke of morality and religion, with the usual flings at his own deviations from the right path, he did not profit by the occasion to give me so much of his eloquence as I expected him to bestow, where so fair an opportunity offered, and one too, that could not occur every day. He gave me his blessing in great

form, and undertook to exhibit the appearance of being greatly affected.

And this is the way he managed it :

First he drew down his eyebrows, and half closed his eyes ; and then he twinkled them, as if to shake a tear off, or to prevent one from coming forth. If the latter were his object, he succeeded. Then he lowered his under jaw a little, and next gave it a convulsive motion downwards at the same time, suddenly elevating his shoulders, so that the shrug and the sob might seem to meet. Then he put a white handkerchief before his face, which I likened to dropping the curtain on the whole exhibition,—an exhibition by no means discreditable to Mr. Mason's dramatic talents.

I never wished to act the *flash* hero, and had no ambition to deserve the praise of “dying game ;” I was anxious, however, to display that firmness in my distress, which I had heard commended as fortitude. But as the opportunities, for displaying this estimable quality increased, my disposition to avail myself of them, sensibly, or at all events considerably, diminished. I re-

flected that when four and twenty hours should have passed, whatever men might say of me, it could not reach my ear, and I became indifferent as to what they might think. Feeling this, I made no effort to disguise my grief. When my mother spoke of the occasion as mournfully heart-rending, I perfectly agreed with her, that such was its true character; and when she shed tears for me, such was the sympathetic emotion inspired, that I mingled mine with hers, and really felt that they were justified by the occasion.

But though I suffered myself to be thus overcome, when parting from my mother, I was anxious to conceal that such had been my weakness, when Mr. Haversham announced to me that Adela was then in the prison. Even in death, I wished to retain her good opinion, and that I thought might be somewhat shaken, by the appearance of pusillanimity, which I suspected was furnished by my countenance, at that moment.

I therefore assumed as much firmness as I could, while walking to the apartment in which



Mr. Haversham had obtained permission for me to see his daughter; but found when I approached it, that I had not more than I wanted, to carry me through the interview.

Never shall I forget the cold thrill which ran through my whole frame, when, as we entered, I saw Adela attired in deep mourning,—mourning for me, her face averted, but her eyes upraised, and her hands clasped as engaged in prayer, while her whole frame seemed convulsed with agony. I paused for a moment, and then advanced without being perceived. Again I moved forward, and saw her features, in sorrow, more lovely than ever. The clanking of my fetters arrested her attention, and she started from devotion, to recognise and fly to me.

I sustained her in my arms, and the tears which I had lately dismissed, returned in great abundance to my eyes. For some moments, I tried to stammer forth my gratitude, but with little success. I, however, persevered in the attempt, and at length became intelligible.

“This indeed is kind,” said I; “I did not

merit such condescension. That you should have wished to see me, is most consoling, is all but happiness."

"To me," Adela replied, "to me, I need not scruple to say it, for unhappily reserve may now be spared, it had been real happiness to see you, could I have looked on you elsewhere, and freed from those fetters which now gall and degrade."

"I feel the kindness all the greater, and hold the heart all the nobler, that could stoop to recognise me in this fearful abyss of shame and misery."

"Nay," said Mr. Haversham, "while Adela feels with me, that you may rightly designate your prison as the abode of misery, so far as you are concerned, shame is out of the question. Adela is convinced as I am, that you fall the victim of circumstances. The thought is melancholy, yet not for an empire, would she, or would I, part from that aggravation of your destiny."

"O no!" exclaimed Adela, "while these tears of anguish fall for your misfortune, my heart rejoices in the thought, that it is no crime stained spirit, that justice is about to render

to its last awful account, but that you suffer from the frightful errors of others."

"You are unjustly kind. It is by my own errors that I fall,—culpable errors, or rather crimes."

"Of what do you speak?"

"Of the base crimes which my heart fails not to charge me with, when I recall the horrible suspicions, which it was depraved enough to entertain of those who merited gratitude and love, esteem and honour,—I had almost said, adoration."

Adela reproved my self-reproach as unjust, and blamed, as extravagant, the gratitude which I had testified in acknowledgment of her present kindness. It was her duty, she remarked, to see me, if indeed her doing so could for a moment cheer me.

"For a moment!" I repeated; "O yes, and for all the moments which yet remain to me. Your image, and the recollection of your condescending love, furnish my mind with an angelic image which cannot fail to lift my dull

thoughts to heaven, and brighten even the last hour of my passage to eternity."

"Then," she replied, "I am less wretched than I was. Base and insensible, were my heart, if any misfortune, if any imputed crime, could make it forgetful, of him, whom I first knew from his saving me from insult,—whom I should not now have seen, had he not saved me from death."

Her increasing energy had filled me with surprise; but her last words were to me a perfect enigma. For a moment I doubted whether I had heard aright, and, in my surprise, I looked inquiringly, first at Adela, and then, at her father.

"I understand not," said I. "Did Adela say from death?"

"Even so," Mr. Haversham replied. "Yes, Godfrey, it was your fortune, unconsciously, to save her life."

My astonishment was boundless. I believed both father and daughter to have fallen into some strange mistake.

“ When you interfered at Hydra, and resolutely opposed yourself to the frantic rage of the infuriated Greeks, to save a poor Turkish boy from being murdered, your gallant humanity, in turning the uplifted weapon from the bosom of the trembling *Selim*, saved Adela from destruction.”

“ Can it be possible ?” I demanded. “ Nay, then, since it has been my happy, happy lot, to save such a being from brutal slaughter, I shall die with the delicious thought, that I have not lived in vain.”

I will not describe further in detail, our interview, which was a long one. Mr. Haversham told me, that it would be trifling now, to hold out to me the slightest prospect of a reprieve. He conjured me to dismiss every lingering hope, that no miserable delusion might shake my firmness, and aggravate the horrors of the last hour. He lamented the cruel necessity of declaring to me, that my fate was inevitably sealed ; but felt in some degree consoled, at seeing that I was tranquil and resigned.

Adela attempted to subdue her grief, which

she evidently feared tended to heighten mine ; but as often as she dried her tears, a new involuntary flow of them succeeded. She said it had been her hope, by years of love and tenderness, to prove how indelibly the important services which I had rendered, were engraven on her heart. Denied that felicity, she promised that I should ever be tenderly remembered ; and would have added, that since I was withdrawn from her affection, her hand should never be given to another. I checked the expression of the sentiment, and begged her to let no thought of me, interfere with her future happiness. She strove to reply, but the voice of her father interfered, and remarked, that the resolution she was desirous of avowing, did not require expression to be observed ; and if it were not to be observed, to utter it, would be worse than useless.

I could not help repeatedly adverting to the extraordinary disclosure which had been made, and felt curious on that subject, notwithstanding the situation in which I then stood. Mr. Haversham informed me, in few words, that having

joined Mr. Hill at Paris, he had resolved on passing a few months at Naples, with a view of perfecting Adela in the Italian language. While there, the accounts he heard of the improved state of the Greeks, made him desirous of visiting their country. Adela begged to be permitted to accompany him, and he complied with her request, on the condition, that she should assume the attire of the other sex. Further to conceal that it was really a female who accompanied him, he gave her face an oriental tint; and he had, from time to time, treated her with that harshness of language which I had remarked. The Turkish costume she wore, relieved her from the necessity of appearing to understand the conversation of Europeans; and her not being supposed to speak English, was, in most cases, sufficient to prevent questions being put to her, and, in all, a satisfactory excuse for her returning no answer.

I could not but mourn the deplorable success of his plans; for I felt that had I been so fortunate as to have discovered with whom I

journeyed in the Morea, explanations would have been given, which must have prevented those fatal misconceptions, which had subsequently destroyed all my hopes, and brought me to the condition of a condemned criminal.

The moment came, in which the prisoners were to be separated from their friends. Never shall I forget with what ardent feelings of love and admiration, of grief and gratitude, I fixed my stedfast gaze on the tearful face of Adela. But I tried to be firm. I entreated her not to afflict herself for me. In a few hours it would be mine to gain repose, I told her; and as I trusted, to enter on a happier state of being, in which it might be permitted to me to know, that she would rejoin me.

She pressed my hand while I spoke. I imprinted a burning kiss on hers; and with a deep-drawn sigh she exclaimed, referring to my hope that we might meet again,

“May it—may it be soon!”

She was then withdrawn. Mr. Haversham accompanied her, but promised to return, as he



had obtained the sheriff's permission, to remain with me through the night, and to attend me to the scaffold.

Upon the whole, I felt as I had told Adela I should feel, somewhat comforted by the scene which had just closed. I endeavoured to dismiss those recollections which only aggravated my misfortune, and to derive consolation from the thought, that a few hours would terminate my misery. As the clock struck eight that evening, I reflected on the miserable scene, which was to be acted, when the clock again gave the same number of sounds, and when nine was announced by the "bell of Pauls," I started at the thought that I was never to hear that hour again. The shuddering sensation which ran through me, made me fear that I should want proper resolution to die, as became one who really was not guilty, of the crime for which he suffered. I thought of the pain which would attend the final struggle, and of the ignominious preparations which must go before it, and then, I wished the manner of my death might be changed, and felt that I would

have joyfully rushed into a fiery den to encounter a monster, or have attacked single handed, a hundred thousand men. But to be first disabled from making any show of resistance, and then led out to perish in the presence of an idle multitude, seemed to me, too dreadful for thought.

## CHAPTER XVII.

*Explanations of some parts of Mr. Haversham's former conduct—Facts discovered which change his opinion of an individual, his views altogether, and, indirectly, prove the cause of my misfortune.*

PERHAPS the reader will not object to be drawn for some moments from the contemplation of a prison, and its wretched inmates, to learn certain facts, explanatory of what has already been stated, and not less so, of what remains to be told, of my life, adventures, and reminiscences.

The more correct course, might have been, to note down the exact conversations in which they were stated, but to say nothing of the objections, which some very good friends to autobiography, are in the habit of urging, against those minute writers, who delight too much in

“ — echoing conversations dull and dry,  
Embellished with—‘he said, and so said I,’ ”

some of the information, which I am about to impart, came upon me so unexpectedly, that I forgot to commit it to writing at the moment, and could not subsequently recollect the occasions on which it was received, and the circumstances connected with the communication, to insert them in the dialogue form, with that strict regard to accuracy, which it is necessary should be observed, in a history so authentic, and so important as this.

Such being the case, I prefer giving in a more condensed shape, the substance, of what was communicated in some of the melancholy interviews, I had with Mr. Haversham, while I was a prisoner, and under sentence of death, which enabled me to understand some parts of that gentleman's conduct, which had before seemed inconsistent or unaccountable.

I had never forgotten, that on the night when I first saw him, he spoke of mournful error, in a tone which I considered to be that of self-reproach. I also recollected, that I had heard about that time, and for a considerable period after I had become more known to him, that

through a number of years, no female had been admitted to the Priory. What he had told of the conduct of his wife, enabled me to comprehend why he had acted thus in the first instance. But other facts came to my knowledge, which I could not so well understand.

Unable to bear the sight of features, which recalled those of the being he had once so loved, whose death he had mourned, but by whom, as he subsequently discovered, he had been deserted, that she might fly to the arms of another, he had sent his only daughter from the Priory. So much, he had told me, and from various circumstances, I knew that the date of her departure, must have preceded by some years my first appearance at his home. While giving me a general account of his life, during my residence at the Priory, Mr. Haversham never told me how it happened, that no very long period had elapsed, after my night adventure, before I found him travelling with Adela—whose features, as he himself had told me, he could not bear to gaze upon, since the

baseness of her mother, had been proved beyond all doubt.

I found the course of his life had been this. Having placed Adela under the care of Mr. or rather of Mr. and Mrs. Hill, to be brought up by them as their own, in order that the child might never know the tale of her mother's misconduct, he lived in a state of extraordinary seclusion at the Priory. Sometimes he planned fanciful additions to that immense edifice, and found occupation for his mind in superintending the execution of them.

To see the workmen continue their occupation by torch-light, gratified his eye, and it pleased him much to relieve them unexpectedly from toil, by waiving as it were, the wand of a magician. So was he engaged on the night when I first saw him. The congenial gloom, which on a sudden overspread the face of heaven, invited him to a lonely walk, that he might contemplate in the open air, the anticipated storm, and when the rain descended, his humanity indulged in the theatrical action which

I had witnessed, and which had terrified Skim, to dismiss the labourers to repose before the accustomed hour.

Naturally of an active disposition, not even sorrow could annihilate his love of change of scene. At different periods, he visited foreign lands, or distant parts of his own country, and he somewhat frequently, went in disguise to places where he had reason to believe that he, and his former and present doings, were likely to be the subject of conversation.

Though he had deemed it advisable to remove Adela, while yet little more than an infant, he occasionally visited Mr. Hill, and when that gentleman had acquainted him with the accident which first made Adela known to me, he felt anxious to see the individual of whom such favourable mention had been made.

For that especial purpose, he resided in the metropolis, for some time, and in the same street with Mr. Hill, that he might be sent for whenever I made my appearance. The old gentleman whose scrutiny offended me, and who was suspected by me of communicating to my

mother and Mr. Mason a part of my proceedings, was no other than Mr. Haversham.

He was induced to act thus, partly from the flattering mention which had been made of me by Mr. Hill, and partly from other reasons, which at that period were known only to himself.

The ground rent, which my father had been accustomed to receive, and which Mr. Mason and my mother often talked about, had been mortgaged to Mr. Chiswell for a number of years, in consideration of a sum paid down by that person, and my father had solicited and obtained a further supply of money from Mr. Haversham, which was to be repaid, out of the proceeds of the estate, which would accrue in the first ten years after Mr. Chiswell's interest in them should expire.

When that period arrived Mr. Haversham, in consequence of the death of my father, declined moving at all in the business, and his claim was never enforced. He supposed that those profits, which, by law, ought to have been his, were paid over to my mother, and did not wish that it



should be otherwise. On finding that the person who had been subjected to some inconvenience through accidentally meeting with Adela, was the son of the Mr. Godfrey of whom he had formerly some knowledge, he was curious to see me. He was not displeased with my appearance, and conceived a wish to know more of me, than could be known from only meeting me once or twice.

He was mistaken in supposing that my family were gainers by his forbearance. The fact was, my father, in the thoughtless career which he had deemed it right to pursue, was never even moderately exact in money matters. The instrument executed to Mr. Haversham, remained in his hands, and my father never had a duplicate of it. Indeed, all the documents which enabled the latter to procure the cash which on some emergency he wanted, were soon as completely forgotten by him, as if they were never in existence. My mother knew little or nothing of these transactions, and the unclaimed papers, after remaining some years in the office of Mr. Haversham's solicitor, were at length transferred

to the Priory, and buried under a heap of similar documents, which were never examined by its proprietor.

But a short time before my first visit to Mr. Haversham's residence, a most important disclosure had been made to that gentleman. When he recounted to me the story of his life, I noticed some reserve. He named certain papers, which had been detained at the Custom House, with the effects of a person who had brought him news from France, but never mentioned what he had learned were their contents. The reserve which I then remarked, was now explained.

Mr. Haversham had only told that he had been induced to put his daughter away from him, after having so unexpectedly met with his wife in France. Subsequently, however, an important revolution had been effected in his mind, and Adela had become dearer to him than ever. Had he been so disposed, he might have added to his statement, that one morning he had been most unexpectedly waited upon by a female, who had been constantly with his late wife, after she left the Priory, and up to the period of her

death. By her, Mr. Haversham was informed of the true causes of Rosalia's flight.

It was not from love for another, that she had forgotten, or seemed to forget the vows which she had pronounced when led to the altar by Mr. Haversham. Her story was a singular one. She had been married, before she was known to Mr. Haversham. Her father, a sordid and tyrannical man, had required her to receive as a lover, and eventually as a husband, a person known by the name of Donovan, who was supposed to be immensely rich. This individual had little in himself, to recommend him to the affection of a youthful beauty. But his wealth and supposed connections, were all-sufficient for the parent of Rosalia, who thought it not too much, that the feelings of his child should be trampled upon, when they opposed themselves to his avarice and ambition.

A strange circumstance marked the day of their union. The ceremony had scarcely been performed, when the bridegroom disappeared. It had been his previous request that every thing should be as private as possible, and that no

company should be invited on the occasion. Eager to conciliate his intended son-in-law, the father had complied with his wish. One female relation, was the only visitor received that day. Small as the dinner party was designed to be, it was made still smaller, for Donovan did not return. It soon appeared that he had good cause to absent himself. He was pursued by the officers of justice, and had fled from his new wife, to escape being prosecuted for forgery.

Two years elapsed, without bringing any intelligence of the fugitive. He was at length heard of as having sailed in a ship, which foundered at sea.

All on board were stated to have perished, and the father of Rosalia, who from the first had been anxious that the union of his daughter with a person accused of treasonable practices, should be concealed, was now more than ever anxious, that strict secrecy should be observed, and with this object in view, he removed to a distant part of the country, where he was known to no one who had ever been privy to his intimacy with Donovan.

It was not till after this period, that Mr. Haversham was introduced to the family. The merit of Rosalia arrested his attention. Her beauty won his love, and they, after an acquaintance of some months, were united.

In compliance with the wish of her father, every circumstance connected with her former marriage was concealed. Rosalia did not approve of this reserve, but it was the wish of a parent, she had been accustomed to obey, and as it did not appear to her of great importance, she respected the mandate, which, could her voice have prevailed with him, would never have been pronounced, or pronounced, not persevered in.

The consequences were deplorable. From dreams of present comfort and future happiness, she was suddenly awakened by the unlooked-for—unhoped-for appearance of Donovan, while Mr. Haversham was absent from the Priory.

With little preface, he communicated to her the purpose of his coming. He came, he said, to carry away his own; to claim his wife.

It was in vain that Rosalia explained the si-

tuation in which she stood, and conjured him not to interrupt happiness which he could not share. He avowed the bitterest enmity to Mr. Haversham, and declared that no power on earth, should induce him to change his resolution. His, she was by law, and as such, he would take her from the paramour of her heart, for so he scrupled not to designate Mr. Haversham.

Though Rosalia urged that it was only after receiving information of his supposed death, that her hand had been given to another, and that in consequence of that act she had now become a parent, Donovan remained unmoved. He fiercely insisted that as she had forgotten her vows to him, it was not for him to respect those which she had made in favour of another. The marriage ceremony once performed, the law gave her to him, and he was resolved to enforce his rights.

In the hope that such an intimation might awe him, and induce him to withdraw his pretensions, the lady ventured to remind him that the law, to which he was now so resolute to adhere, if rigidly enforced in another case, might

possibly affect him seriously. A deep impression was obviously made on him, by the indirect threat thus held out. His speech faltered, and voices being heard, who announced that some of the domestics belonging to the Priory were approaching, he withdrew.

Several weeks passed before he again presented himself to her notice. Rosalia, who had at first been extremely alarmed, by degrees recovered her composure, and persuaded that the dread inspired by her last words had induced her enemy to abandon his design, she exulted in her safety, and regarded what had passed as little more than a dream.

Too soon she was undeceived, Donovan returned. He again found his way to the lady, while Mr. Haversham was temporarily absent from the Priory. His demand was renewed, and more vehemently than before, and when Rosalia attempted, as in the first instance, she flattered herself that she had done, with success, to make him tremble for his own safety, he replied with a scornful laugh, that if the law were to be let loose against him, it should be for some-

thing more than he had yet accomplished, and, at all events, he would do his best not to leave this world, till he had enjoyed the luxurious vengeance of shedding the blood of her pretended husband,—Mr. Haversham.

To stern rebukes and desperate menaces, the language of persuasion, and that of hypocritical love succeeded. Disdain and abhorrence, were the only sentiments which these called forth. He again resorted to violence. The murder of Mr. Haversham, he talked of as a thing determined upon, and coolly remarked, that a murder was of little account to one, whose life, as she knew, was already forfeited to the law.

Thus persecuted, rendered almost frantic, by the frightfully varied menaces which assailed her, and fully persuaded that Donovan had the power, as he had the will, to give full effect to his resentment, Rosalia was, at last intimidated into consenting to fly from the Priory, to save the life of him, whom she had considered her husband, but whom she was assured the law would not regard as such.

But she could not endure that Mr. Haver-



sham should understand that she had left him for another, nor could she resolve to confide to any one, what was her real situation. She was told by Donovan, that her children were illegitimate, but it was her hope that it would never be proved that they were so. He proposed immediately to pass over to France, by a small smuggling vessel, which was at his command, and there, from the almost total absence of all intercourse between the two countries during the war, she expected to escape recognition, for a time, and death she confidently anticipated, would render long concealment unnecessary.

She wished, as she was not the wife of Mr. Haversham, that he should not feel himself bound in any way to her, and this suggested to her the expediency of making such a disposition of part of her apparel, as should induce a belief, that she had committed suicide.

On that sad night, of which Mr. Haversham had given me the history, so far as it was known to him, Donovan watched her steps, and snatched her away, in the moment when the former supposed her to have entered the Priory.

They proceeded to the lake, into which, as had been previously arranged a part of her dress was hastily thrown. She cast a "longing lingering look," at the Priory, and could not resolve to leave it. He urged her to lose no time. She resolved not to accompany him, determined on resistance, and decided, at all hazards, to acquaint Mr. Haversham with what had occurred. Her refusal to depart, incensed Donovan in the highest degree. By main force, he compelled her to be his companion. Her shrieks brought Mr. Haversham to the spot, but he came too late to save.

Little did she surmise what malice would assail, and what danger might await, the mourner from whom she was torn. The hatred of Donovan, aimed at bringing the object of his resentment to the scaffold, but in this it as already been seen, he failed.

The sufferings of Rosalia, as the companion of a rude, brutal, violent and guilty man, were pathetically described to Mr. Haversham, by the female who had remained with her up to the day of her death. Her affliction was augmented

by the knowledge that she had been seen by Mr. Haversham, and must consequently be regarded by him, as all that her heart detested and despised.

Sorrow terminated her existence. In her last moments, she was anxious that her real history might be made known, that, when the grave closed over her, she might have his pity, whose love, it had once been her pride and her happiness to possess.

The intelligence thus communicated to Mr. Haversham, was corroborated by the papers long detained from him, which, about this time, came into his keeping. It was impossible for him to doubt the facts as above stated, and these disclosures altered the course of that sorrow, which could never be dissipated.

Deeply was Mr. Haversham affected at learning the fate of one, whom he had believed to have been perfidious, but who was now proved to have suffered from the tyranny and vengeance of others, under whose controul she had found herself. To her, it was no longer possible for him to address the language of love or of conso-

lation. His thoughts essayed to fly to the emancipated spirit, but the mortal ear of Rosalia, was closed for ever.

Her child still lived, that child, whom in abhorrence of Rosalia's supposed baseness, he had put from him. The breathing image of the fond being, now so sincerely deplored, was yet within his reach. Adela, whose features in recalling her mother, had once afflicted him beyond endurance, though long estranged to him, might yet be recalled.

He reproached himself, that her education was less complete, than it ought to have been, considering the station, which she might claim to fill in society, and determined to apply himself forthwith to repair this defect. The war had closed, he could, without difficulty visit Paris, and thither he proceeded with Adela. From Paris, Mr. Haversham and his daughter passed to the principal cities on the Continent, and eventually to Greece, where, by accident, I encountered them, to wonder at the extravagant wrath of the supposed master, which covered

the anxious, the unbounded love of the doating father.

The harshness towards Selim, which excited my surprise and displeasure, was but an artifice adopted as it was by a late celebrated traveller, who was accompanied by his wife in his wanderings, to prevent suspicion of her sex. When this was stated, I remembered that I had more than once been surprised, while I was in the Morea, at seeing Selim fall, as from the severity of a blow which he had received, yet, in a few minutes afterwards, appear a perfect stranger to sorrow, resentment, or pain.

It was at Malta, that Mr. Haversham, from what he heard of the Greeks, first desired his daughter to wear a disguise; and at that place, on his return, Adela re-assumed her own attire.

I do not know that it is worth mentioning, but I was recognised, the moment I was seen, by Mr. Haversham, and Adela, at Gastouni; and, perhaps, there was something akin to jealousy, in the conduct of the latter, when the fictitious Selim so offensively interrupted me, while attempting to extend my knowledge

of the language and manners of the country, by conversing with the female inhabitants of Napoli di Romania.

On the return of the father and daughter to England, it was the determination of Mr. Haversham, that Adela should thenceforward reside with him; but the Priory demanded extensive repairs, and, till these were completed, he placed her again under the care of those who were almost like parents to her, the respectable persons, through whose means she had first become known to me.

I was not forgotten. The circumstance of a ruffian's dagger having been turned aside from the bosom of Adela, by the same individual, who had formerly attempted to extricate her from a situation of some embarrassment in England, was dwelt upon, by them, as a singular and most gratifying coincidence. My return was anxiously desired; and, already, Mr. Haversham had made up his mind, to assist me in every possible way, and even, should no future objection be started, to give me the hand of his daughter.

By his desire, my conduct had been closely watched. Mr. Haversham wished, from a knowledge of the principles which regulated my actions in common life, to decide on my true character. On its being known that I was about to accompany Betterton to South America, Mr. Hill went off, in a post-chaise, to Mr. Haversham, and was requested, at all events, to detain me. For that purpose, he proceeded to the inn, at which I was expected, to meet the Plymouth coach. The accident which befel me, and which caused me to be carried into the Priory, made it unnecessary for him to interfere.

In consequence of my taking up my residence in his mansion, Mr. Haversham conceived himself to have better opportunities than ever, of making himself acquainted with my true character. He availed himself of these in every possible way ; but he especially applied himself to prove the strength of my attachment to Adela.

Solicitous to promote her happiness, he conceived that this purpose would be best effected,

by saving her from becoming the object of a mercenary speculation. Though accustomed to declaim against the folly of yielding to the wild ardour of romantic love, he was fixed, that his daughter, if he could prevent it, should never be the wife of a man, whose affections rested not on her person, mind, or accomplishments, but on her fortune.

With this feeling, he abstained from mentioning his daughter altogether, and resolved, that, till the question which then agitated his mind, should be decided, for or against my pretensions, a part of his history, and that not an unimportant one, should never reach my ear.

He wished, of all things, to conceal the fact, that the lady I knew, as Miss Hill, was his daughter, that he might ascertain what my wishes would be, uninfluenced by those considerations, which, he naturally concluded, would operate materially on a youth whose prospects were not very brilliant, had he known, that his mistress was a heiress.

While thus occupied, he deferred bringing Adela home; but, at length, satisfied on all



points, he determined on preparing a delightful surprise for me. With this intention, he brought his daughter to the Priory. For a few days, he proposed to conceal that he had done so, that he might assure himself of the state of her affections. The result of these arrangements has already been stated.

Such, were the circumstances, which had caused the peculiarities in the conduct of Mr. Haversham, which I had, at various times, remarked.

I understood that the ground rent, of which my family had been deprived by Mr. Chiswell, might shortly be reclaimed. To me, this was of little moment; and, indeed, had I been assured that it was mine, even then, such knowledge would have been rather an aggravation of my affliction, than a relief to my troubled mind.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

*The night before execution—Preparations for the last scene—  
Behaviour of myself and fellow prisoners on the fatal  
morning.*

RETURNING from the digression, or recapitulation contained in the last chapter, I resume the thread of my story.

The attentions of the ordinary, had restored me to a state of moderate tranquillity when Mr. Haversham returned, to pass the night before the execution, in my cell, or rather in that, assigned to me and Wildfire.

That unhappy man, whose agonies had seemed hourly to increase, as the fatal moment drew near had been delirious through the evening, but had, at length, sunk from extreme exhaustion, into a state of apparent repose.

I, and Mr. Haversham, were consequently enabled to converse without interruption. To

him, I made no scruple of confessing the shrinkings which I felt, when I contemplated the last miserable exhibition, which it was reserved for me to make.

“ I would not,” said he, “ have you disguise the rational sorrow which you experience, under the mask of reckless indifference, or foolish gaiety. You, however, have consolations which have not always belonged to persons appointed to die. You know yourself guiltless. That is one support, and the manner of your death, though violent, will not be attended with those dreadfully protracted tortures, which, in some instances, men have been wretched enough to direct against an offending fellow-creature.”

I admitted that to be true, as in my case, death would be at once inflicted, instead of the lingering pains, which those who suffered in former times for high treason, had been doomed to know.

“ But even those,” he replied, “ were of small account, compared with the horrible ingenuity which has been exercised in some countries, and at no very remote period to ascertain, as it

should seem, how far the powers of human endurance would extend. Think of the wretched lot of Damiens—the iron bed, the burning pincers, and the molten lead—the vain effort, as it proved for a long time, to sever the strained limbs, by means of horses pulling in contrary directions. Think of the barbarous punishment of Pugatshef, and forget not the lingering tortures of the wheel, which, till lately, were reserved to requite crimes of no very extraordinary atrocity. Bearing these in mind, though hard, indeed, your case, we have some reason to be grateful, that you have not a yet more frightful ordeal to pass through.”

I certainly concurred with him in this, at least, in a great degree, but still I felt that the worst part of the punishment, which had been inflicted in the cases to which he had alluded, was reserved for me. I was doomed to die, and that, from which I mainly shrunk, was not pain, but death. Mentally, I endeavoured to fortify myself against unmanly despondency, by reflecting that death, in any case, I could not escape altogether, and the probability was, that

dying at a future period by disease, my pains would be not only sharper, but of greater duration than they would be now. This, I say, I tried to think, but then it occurred to me, that under different circumstances, my life might not have terminated for many years to come, nor till time, had by gradual decay, prepared me for the last great change.

And while my thoughts took this course, I imaged to myself what had never occurred while I was at liberty, and in no danger, namely, how comfortable a thing it was, to struggle through years of decrepid age, and wretched infirmity, to writhe out of existence at last under the physician's prescriptions, while expecting relations, testify their pious resignation to the will of heaven, by exclaiming "a happy release!"

On these topics, and on others of an equally solemn character, we conversed till about two o'clock, when perceiving me weary, my friend advised me to lie down. A little sleep, he remarked, would compose my spirits, and enable me to submit to my fate with greater firmness.

I laid down, but it was in vain that I closed

my eyes, and attempted slumber. So often as my senses began to wander, and forgetfulness seemed about to come over me, the clanging of the chimes in St. Sepulchre's church, reminded me that another quarter of an hour had fled, and recalled me to a sense of wretchedness.

I, at length, abandoned the attempt, and again sat up. We resumed our conversation, and more than once I spoke of Adela.

"Wretch! that I am!" I exclaimed, "had I but repelled suspicion—had I but addressed you with frankness, this would have been prevented."

"Madman that I was!" he rejoined. "Had I not indulged a romantic fancy, little excusable in a man of my years,—had I not ridiculously made a mystery of what required no concealment, you had not been sacrificed. But it is in vain to think of it now. These reflections come too late.

A heavy rumbling noise, was heard in the street. Mr. Haversham looked at me, as the sound reverberated through the cell.

"I know what it is, sir," I said.

“ O ! good God, there it goes,” cried Wildfire. There goes the drop—they are dragging the machine to the debtor’s door. The Lord have mercy upon us.”

And, as before, he began wildly to lament his fate, and to pray, and to weep alternately.

At six o’clock, or a little after, the sound of steps in the neighbourhood of the cell, was heard, and the ordinary made his appearance, accompanied by the gentleman I have before mentioned, and Dr. Fudge.

The ordinary inquired how I found myself, and I replied, by stating, that I thought I felt as well as could be expected in my unhappy circumstances. Wildfire was questioned in the same way. His answer was more satisfactory than mine, for he declared that “ he was quite happy, and absolutely certain of going to heaven.”

Dr. Fudge, seemed disposed to take credit to himself, for the happy frame of mind claimed by my fellow prisoner. Considering that his suggestions had inspired the confidence which had just been manifested, he was remarking that Wildfire’s hope was established on a rock, when

that wretched man, having inquired if there were no hope of mercy, and been answered in the negative, fainted away.

This accident, and the call for water, which followed it brought to an untimely end, the exhortation of Dr. Fudge. The doctor looked very sad on the occasion. His sorrow, was, of course, called forth by the situation of Wildfire and myself, and not by the sad fate of his oration.

The worthy doctor, while Wildfire was in the course of being restored, addressed himself to me, on the importance of making a frank disclosure of all circumstances connected with my miserable career. There was something low and insidious in his manner, or I fancied it, and I was determined to have no communication with him. I therefore told him in few words, that, in that respect, I had sufficiently unburthened my conscience, and had no more to say, and then I turned from him, to Mr. Haversham.

At this moment, I perceived that he had been called aside by the ordinary, to whom, a moment before, a letter had been handed. I



looked at it attentively, and a momentary hope thrilled me. It was of short duration, for Wildfire having begged to be informed what its contents were, this answer was given.

“ It recommends you to continue your devotions, as not the slightest hope can be entertained, that any respite for you, will now be received.”

He closed his eyes, and the ghastly horror pictured on his cheek, attested the unutterable misery which swelled his heart. My face, I think, must have exhibited less terror and more dignity, than appeared in his, but this is only my own idea, for I certainly received no compliment on my good looks that morning.

We were now taken from the cell, and joined by the other culprit who was to die with us, we proceeded to the chapel, for the purpose of taking the sacrament. Our companion, was a young man of respectable connections. He was dejected, but though sparing of speech, his manner was infinitely less disordered, than that of Wildfire.

When the solemn service at the communion

table had finished, Mr. Haversham whispered to me, that the awful business of the day drew near its close. "The next necessary ceremony," he added, "is that which I am told is most appalling to the prisoners, the preparation of your person for the scaffold. Now, now, be firm."

"I trust, sir," I replied, "that the worst is already past, and that I shall not at last yield to unmanly dismay."

"I pray," said he, "that a soothing hope may attend you. Fain would I fix your thoughts on coming joy, and persuade you and myself that it is to be discerned through present woe, as sometimes through driving storms and lowering clouds, I have seen the distant hills, bright with the sun's most potent rays."

It was announced to us that the sheriffs had arrived, and we were immediately joined by them, with the under sheriffs. Their appearance produced new exclamations of agony from Wildfire. In their official attire, bearing golden chains, and white wands, he read, that every necessary form had now been gone through, and that it only remained to conduct us to execution.

After a few words of commiseration, addressed to each of us, I was directed to follow them. I bowed, and immediately complied, holding up the irons which I still wore, as well as I could, with one hand.

I was conducted to a long and rather narrow apartment. Here I found some twenty persons, waited the approach of the prisoners. Among them were the reporters for the newspapers. They had their pencils in their hands, and seemed mechanically to fall to work as I entered, to note down, not what I said or did, for I was quite silent and passive, but such changes and peculiarities, as they remarked in my appearance and deportment. I heard a whisper or two as I advanced from the door, and then succeeded the most perfect silence.

“Put your foot here, if you please, sir,” said a voice which I found proceeded from a man, whom I had not previously distinguished from the rest of the persons there assembled.

I looked down where he pointed, and perceived a small anvil, fixed in a block. On the latter I placed my foot. He altered the posi-

tion in which I had placed it, and begging me not to be alarmed, as *he* should not give me pain, began his task, which was that of knocking out the rivets from the irons which encompassed my limbs. I untied the band which had been passed round my body, and threw it away, as the fetters dropped on the floor.

The ordinary entered, and the clanking of irons without, told that one of my fellow-sufferers was being brought in. The minister joined me, and standing in the alley, formed by the two rows of spectators, waved his hand, and with great anxiety for my comfort, directed them to make way for me to pass to the further end of the room. I followed him to the further corner of the room, where on a table beneath the window, I perceived three coiled ropes, which were those destined to finish our sufferings, the practice of fixing the halters to the gallows before the criminals were led out, not having then been adopted in London.

Beside these, there were some pieces of string, which were provided for the purpose of securing our arms, that the last pang might not be ag-

gravated by an unavailing struggle. I was directed to put my hands together, and the *pinioning*, as it is called, was performed.

Most painful was the sensation of utter helplessness, which the completion of this ceremony left on my mind. The ordinary encouraged me, by assurances that my sorrows would soon be at an end, and I was then conducted to a seat on the opposite side of the room, where a bench was placed for the accommodation of the party first ready for the scaffold, who had to wait for those who were yet to be prepared.

Wildfire's fetters had now been knocked off, and he was led to the place which I had just left, to have his hands bound. He cried like a child, while this was doing, and observing certain lines indented across the table, on which the halters lay, with figures marked between them, he recognised the means of playing a well-known public-house game, and striking both hands on the table, he raved aloud, that "it was that cursed shove halfpenny, and not going to a place of worship on Sunday, that had brought him to his end."

The reporters immediately went to work on this oration, and one of them, a gentleman with one arm, made a very conspicuous display of short-hand. Dr. Fudge, hoped such singularly impressive words, would not be lost, and Wildfire seemed to feel, that he had uttered something that was not to be slighted. The sheriffs shook their heads, as much as to say, there was a vast deal of truth in them, and though it would not have been quite the thing for me, as it came from *one of us*, to give an opinion on the subject, I could hardly help joining in the applause.

Wildfire, now took his seat by me, and, in a few minutes, we were joined by our brother in calamity. He was silent; and when placed by our side, sadly shook his head, his eyes being closed, and evidently contemplating what was immediately to follow. Wildfire moved his whole body backwards and forwards, his eyes being half shut, and groaning all the time. It occurred to me, that ten minutes fortitude would place me beyond all danger of exhibiting undue weakness, and I silently invoked heaven to grant it to me. I abstained from shaking my

head, like Randall, and did not move my person like Wildfire, but sat, as I thought, quite still. Such, however, was not the case ; for a moment after, I perceived my right leg nervously agitated, and moving with my foot, as if I had had a lathe to work.

While we were thus seated, something was whispered to the ordinary. I could not hear what it was, nor did the whole of the answer reach my ear, but I heard enough distinctly to comprehend what went before ; as part of the reverend gentleman's reply, was to this effect—that now to protract our sufferings, would be not humanity, but cruelty.

This idea spread round the little circle which enclosed us ; and it was whispered to me, that “ all was ready.” I will not deny but this intimation, that the moment of execution had arrived, caused me to fetch my breath rather short ; and Wildfire, sinking back against the wall, seemed on the point of swooning a second time. Assistance, was promptly supplied, and he a little revived.

The sheriffs, with their wands in their hands,

took their station in the middle of the room, with their faces towards the door, by which we had entered. The ordinary placed himself immediately behind them. Randall was then handed from the bench, on which we had been sitting, by the under sheriff, and placed next the ordinary. Wildfire, sobbing, and praying between his sobs, was assisted by the under sheriff, to take his place in the line. I followed, and Dr. Fudge came after me. The under sheriff passed his wand in front of the spectators, who were preparing to follow, desiring them not to press on the prisoners. He then fell into the ranks, and this done, the sheriffs slowly moved forward, and the ordinary commenced reading the burial service. I listened with awe, to the solemn language which now was echoed by the walls of the prison ; and while he repeated “ I heard a voice from heaven, saying, blessed are the dead that die in the Lord,” my throbbing heart put the fearful question, “ but am I—*am* I of that number ?”

At this moment, the prison bell tolled. The awful knell thus sounded in the ears of the liv-



ing sufferers, for souls about to depart, made a deep and solemn impression on all present. The reading continued, and the bell again sounded. It was striking for the third time, when we reached the lobby of the debtors' door, through which the ladder was seen, by which the culprits were to ascend the platform, and part of the fatal machine.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

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